



THE

Tatler

LADIES OF LETTERS

& Bystander 2s. weekly 6 July 1960

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SCORE
WHILE
WATCHING
CRICKET





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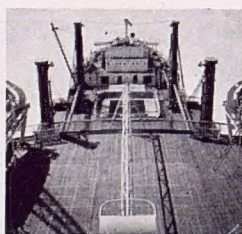
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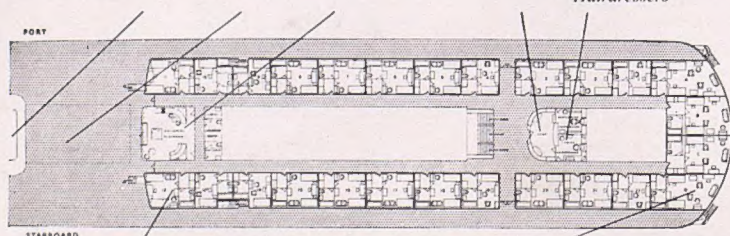
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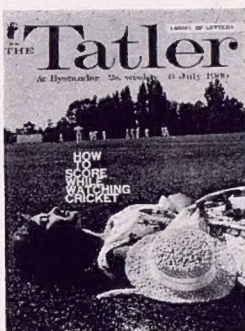
6 JULY 1960

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PLAY IT WITH A STRAIGHT FACE



This girl will never score, because stretching out on the grass doesn't count as watching cricket, not even at a school match like this one at Winchester, photographed by ROGER HILL. Read Mary Macpherson for the right approach (page 13). For a later Winchester game (v. Eton, at Eton) turn to page 14

THE NATIONAL GAME is cricket and the national pastime is making fun of it. Somehow it's the sort of game that seems to ask for it—it even has a way of getting into international situations. Australia nearly left the Commonwealth over Larwood and this year the Tests have managed to get mixed up with apartheid. Still, all good character-building fun no doubt, and anyway cricketers are never the chaps to complain about a hard ball. This week The Tatler takes a turn at the wicket, and Mary Macpherson and Lord Kilbracken both go out to bat. *How to score while watching cricket* (page 13) is for girls who want to make the best of having cricketing boy friends. Mary Macpherson has filled it with the lessons of many seasons' experience (not all her own, though). Lord Kilbracken's piece also draws on experience but you may think that what he used to play wasn't really cricket. See *That game—we made our own rules* (page 21). . . . Intellectual readers with no use for cricket—not even for reading about it—had better turn instead to *Ladies of letters*, which examines a phenomenon of English literature: the surprising number of successful women authors who happen to be titled in private life. Daphne du Maurier, for example, is Lady Browning, wife of Sir Frederick. She is missing from Alan Vines's fine portrait gallery but plenty of others are there along with an introduction by Ronald Blythe (page 7 onwards). . . .

Everybody seems to be going east this year—to the Greek isles, Constantinople and the biblical lands. Robin Douglas-Home is just back from Israel, where he stood on the Mount of Olives and recorded a new panorama of Jerusalem. It is fascinating to pick out the historic spots in *The still divided city* (page 22). . . . Francis Goodman has also been abroad, though no farther than Paris. He went to photograph the coming-out of the daughter of the Comtesse François de Bourbon-Busset, which included many English people among the 800 guests (page 19). . . . Also with a foreign flavour are the pictures Desmond O'Neill took in *Something in the City* (page 33), which tracks down where some City types go when they tell their secretaries they're just popping out. . . . Finally, fashion. Duthy draws some of the new clothes that make pregnancy so much less of a fashion ordeal these days (page 27 onwards) and Counter Spy reports on *The carriage trade* (page 32).

Next week:

Going Places Late, first of a regular weekly series by Douglas Sutherland, reporting what's happening in the brighter spots after dark.

GOING PLACES



SOCIAL

Royal Tournament, Earls Court, to 9 July.

Cowdray Park Polo Club ball, Cowdray House, 8 July.

Kirtlington Park Polo Club ball, 8 July.

Charity Matinée, 12 July, at the Adelphi Theatre, by pupils of Miss Violet Ballantine, in aid of the League of Pity. Tickets: 10 gns. to 3s. 6d. from Mrs. Digby-Jones, 12 Herbert Crescent, S.W.1.

Garden Party, 2.30-6.30, 13 July, at The Holme, Regent's Park, in aid of Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies.

British Olympic Ball, 13 July, Grosvenor House. Tickets: 3 gns. from Mr. R. G. Hinks, 95 Mount Street, W.1. (MAY 6253.)

Chartwell, Westerham, Kent. By kind permission of Sir Winston & Lady Churchill, the grounds will be open to the public 10.30-8 on 20 July in aid of the Y.W.C.A.

Gala Performance "The Journey of Soy," 21 July, Empire Pool, Wembley, in aid of the Girl Guides Association. Tickets: 10 gns. to 10s. 6d. from the Association, P.O. Box 269, 17/19 Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.

SPORT & SHOWS

Cricket: Third Test Match, England v. South Africa (Trent Bridge), 7-12 July.

Golf: Open Championships (Centenary), St. Andrews, to 8 July.

Croquet: Open Championships, Hurlingham, 11-16 July.

Flying: King's Cup Air Race, Baginton, Coventry. 8, 9 July.

Polo: Cowdray Park Gold Cup Final, 10 July.

Great Yorkshire Show (Harrogate), 12-14 July; **Kent County Show** (Maidstone), 13-14 July; **Royal Windsor Rose Show**, 8, 9 July.

First Steps, painted by Picasso in 1943, is shown in the retrospective exhibition opening today at the Tate Gallery. It was loaned by the Yale University Art Gallery

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Manon*, 7.30 p.m., tonight; *La Bohème*, 7.30 p.m., 9, 11, 13, 16 July (end of opera season). With Victoria de los Angeles. (COV 1066.)

Royal Albert Hall: Stars of the Bolshoi Ballet, with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, 7.30 p.m. (including Sundays) to 17 July. Matinéés, 3 p.m. Saturdays, 2, 9 & 16 July. (KEN 8212.)

Sadler's Wells. A Week of Opera by Handel: *Hercules*, 8 July; *Radamisto*, 7 & 9 July, 7.30 p.m. With the Chandos Chorus, and Philomusica of London. (TER 1672/3.)

Kenwood Lakeside Symphony Concert, 8 p.m., 9 July.

FESTIVAL

Cheltenham Festival of British Contemporary Music, to 15 July.

EXHIBITIONS

Spanish Armour, Tower of London, to 25 September.

"The Restoration," National Book League, Albemarle St., to 22 July.

Regency Exhibition, Brighton, 9 July-2 October.

International Stamp Exhibition, Royal Festival Hall, 9-16 July.

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, Piccadilly, to 14 August.

Picasso (retrospective), Tate Gallery, to 18 September.

Picasso (Blue Period pastels & drawings, 1945 bronzes), O'Hana



Gallery, 13 Carlos Place, W.1, to 28 July.

Ben Nicholson, Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1, to 16 July.

Ceri Richards, Whitechapel Gallery, E.1, to 28 July.

GARDENS

Penshurst Place, near Tonbridge, 2-6 p.m., 10 July.

Blenheim Palace, Woodstock, Oxon, 2-7 p.m., 10 July.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 37.

The Most Happy Fella. "... Sentimental, no doubt, but jolly and human ... an impression of simple rustic gaiety and charm." Inia Wiata, Helena Scott, Art Lund, Jack DeLeon. (Coliseum, TEM 3161.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 38.

Suddenly, Last Summer. "... Mr. Tennessee Williams ... seems to take a savage delight in tearing his characters apart ... and to assume that we are morbid enough to enjoy watching him do so." Katharine Hepburn, Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift. (Columbia. REG 5414.)

GOING PLACES TO EAT



by JOHN BAKER WHITE

C.S. = Closed Sunday

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Mr. Pancake, Bear Street, Leicester Square. Open 11.00 a.m. to midnight, including Sundays. I believe this is the first pancake house in Britain, though they are all the rage in the U.S. It is a licensed, help-yourself restaurant with other foods available, but the 10 varieties of pancake are the centre of attraction. They include chicken, ham, walnut and cottage cream, which is particularly good. A two course meal, 2 pancakes in each course, with coffee, costs less than 6s. The plates should be hotter even if it means smarting fingers.

White's Charcoal Grill, White's Hotel, Lancaster Gate. (AMB 2711.) When infuriated by West End parking problems this elegant hotel, with a fine view on to Hyde Park,

is the place to go. *Décor* modern, tables small and close together in the current style. The grills are well up to standard, coffee could be better, wine list contains some good clarets. Pleasant piano music of the 30s. W.B.

Chez Cleo, Harrington Gardens, S.W.7. (FRE 4477.) C.S. A favourite of mine for some seven years, this restaurant has maintained the high standard with which it started. Its atmosphere is about as near to genuinely French as one can get without crossing the Channel. Two charming people, Bertha Myer and Georgette Coll, are still in charge: the *poulet basquaise* and other French provincial dishes are as good as ever. There is music, and members of the staff sing like larks above the Loire. It is an amusing place for dinner, or supper after the theatre. W.B.

Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly. (REG 8040.) Closed Saturdays after 1 p.m., Sundays and in the evenings. One of the comparatively few restaurants designed to meet the needs of women, though many men have also discovered its attractions. There is a full menu of well-established favourites, and an admirable selection of cold dishes.

Sher-e-Punjab, Dorset Street, Baker Street. (HUN 1135.) Many Indian restaurants are bare, functional or rather shabby. Not so this one. It is comfortable, charmingly got-up in a manner that makes pretty girls look their best. The dishes on its long menu are excellent and—again rare in a London Indian restaurant—there is sound advice on the strength of the various curries. Take your own bottle.

Charing Cross Hotel, Montfort Restaurant. (TRA 7282.) The British have a built-in conviction that in station hotels the food is invariably poor and the surroundings dreary. The Montfort Restaurant refutes it, for the *décor* is pleasant, the food good and the waiting attentive. The large Victorian Gothic room has been redecorated in powder blue and cream, contrasting with old-rose upholstery. Not even the most critical could quarrel with the choice of dishes or the prices. A well-chosen wine list includes some good and moderately priced carafe wines. W.B.

Courtyard in Touraine

Valencay. Crossing to Le Touquet by the first flight of the day and travelling via Rouen-Dreux-Chartres-Blois, the Hotel de l'Espagne at Valencay makes a good first night stop. Talleyrand lived in the château nearby; his family still do. The Espagne is a fine old house with a courtyard. Mon. Fourré's terrine should not be missed. Michelin gives him a rosette.



Clambering turrets of Castel Sardo on the Camargue-like Sardinian coast

GOING PLACES ABROAD

Touring in Sardinia

by DOONE BEAL

I WROTE, last week, of some of Sardinia's resort hotels, and the lotus-eating pleasures of a static holiday there. For the vagabond tourist, however, there are a number of new, smaller hotels scattered throughout the interior, belonging either to the Jolly group or to ESIT (the state tourist department), which make the prospect of touring the island less formidable than might first appear. I say formidable because, as one can see from the air, distances are so vast that you might motor for two hours without finding a village. And though one can always buy picnic food and wine in even the smallest of hamlets, the question of where to sleep or get within measuring distance of hot water could be dismaying unless a plan had been made for each night. The small hotels are somewhat flavourless but essentially comfortable, always with a shower to each room, a bar and, for the most part, excellent local food. Having said that, the whole pleasure and charm of Sardinia lies in its very wildness. And not only the wildness, but the immense variety of landscape and flavour. The whole island is virtually a series of separate pockets, quite different from each other in food, wine, dialect and even dress. National costume is still worn, and though the long, swaying skirts and high ruffled blouses of the women remain a constant, the head-dresses and colours are subtly different in each town and village.

Flying direct from London, one arrives in Alghero, on the north-west coast of the island. It is a reasonable morning's drive from here to Tempio, high in the cork forests. Tempio, a Roman town of grey severity and some beauty, is in the heart of the wild boar country and famous for game of many kinds, including pheasant and hare and, from the mountain streams, some superb rainbow trout. It was at the rather blank looking ESIT hotel that we lunched, and magnificently, off these specialities: the first of a series of extremely pleasant surprises with Sardinian food.

It is about two hours' drive from Tempio to La Maddalena, including the ferry crossing. Maddalena could be a place at which to spend one night or several. Apart from being a pretty little port, and a point of departure by boat for the superbly beached little islands nearby, it has another interest in that it has been temporary base to four of history's more notable characters. Napoleon met with one of his first defeats there; Nelson used it as a naval base before Aboukir; Garibaldi spent the last few years of his life there in a house that is now a museum, and it was the place of Mussolini's exile, before being rescued by the Germans.

It is about three hours' drive from Palau, the mainland port for Maddalena, to the bigish east coast port of Olbia. As such, Olbia is not particularly attractive, though it

has a useful Jolly hotel. However, the road that follows the sand-duned, Camargue-like coast down to Cala Gonone is quite lovely, punctuated by old towns such as Castel Sardo, which clamber from the hilltop down to the water's edge in a series of bleached, grey turrets. Orosei, too, is a town well worth stopping in. Here the flavour is almost Moorish, and the pace that of the women carrying pitchers of water from the wells. Cala Gonone, however, might well lure you to stay: the Bue Marino (Sea Ox) hotel is clean and simple. The *langouste* of the area are so prolific that they are exported as far afield as Barcelona and Marseilles. Cove after cove of smooth, blond, naked beaches stretch for miles on either side, and one can swim in amazing blue grottoes underneath the rocks.

Oddly enough, it was some of the inland country that appealed to me most. The sheer, burgeoning beauty of oak, olive and chestnut trees in the Gennargentu mountains; the tiny village of Fonni—highest on the island—which is all mellow stone, fragile balconies and wistaria. In June, that was: its winters, however, are so hard that the shepherds there leave their snowbound houses (and their women) behind, and go down to the lower pastures with their sheep. They return, in late spring, to an understandably tremendous fiesta. The mountain town of Nuoro is capital of this whole region, and centre of a big wine growing area. It was at Mount Ortobene, a peak nearby, that I hit on one of life's bonuses: a sight by full moon so bright that each olive tree cast a shadow, over to the hills whose small, compact villages looked like a tight-fisted handful of yellow diamonds. On the lookout terrace, six youths with a banjo were having a concert party of their own. They played and sang for us, and insisted that we share an

enormous flagon of wine they had with them. This is an island where those things still *do* happen, sometimes.

The last convenient base between Nuoró and Cagliari is at Sorgono, still in the mountains, with a particularly pretty and comfortable inn, the Villa Fiorita. A great treat here is the sucking pig, baked in clay. This tour, which is virtually a big north-to-south loop from Alghero to Cagliari, takes about three and a half days if pared down to minimum timing. I need hardly add that one could profitably spend double that time on it. One can drive on the main road direct from Cagliari to Alghero in four hours, or take Alitalia's 30-minute flight from point to point, to connect with BEA'S direct London service (up to £55 return).



Ten past one of an afternoon among the terraced streets of Castel Sardo



Ohno—Hanabusa: Yoriko, daughter of the Japanese Ambassador and Madame Katsumi Ohno, married Masamichi, second son of Professor & Mrs. Nagamichi Hanabusa, of Tokyo, at Kensington Palace Gardens, W.8



Hilton-Greene—Molony: Julia, only daughter of Major C. C. H. Hilton-Greene and of Lady Helena Hilton-Greene, married Martin, son of the late Capt. William Molony and of Mrs. Molony, of Co. Limerick, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street

Weddings



Scoones—Robertson: Gillyane Osborne, daughter of Maj.-Gen. Sir Reginald & Lady Scoones, of Bramham Gardens, S.W.5, married Alistair Barry, son of Mr. J. A. Robertson, and of Mrs. F. Robertson, of Oporto, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Boyle—Maitland: Carina, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Desmond Boyle, of Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7, married William Whitaker, eldest son of Cdr. J. W. Maitland, R.N. (retd.), M.P., & Mrs. Maitland, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



D. R. STUART

Miss Janette Sneddon Robertson to Mr. Innes Wright. She is the younger daughter of the late Mr. James Robertson, and of Mrs. Robertson of Auchinloch, Lanarkshire. He is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. Walter Wright, Tombey, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire

Engagements



JAMES RUSSELL & SONS

Miss Alison Sara Gibson to Mr. Michael Anthony Philip Shaw Downham. She is the younger daughter of Dr. & Mrs. R. G. Gibson, of King's Worthy, Hampshire. He is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. P. R. S. Downham, of Wimbledon



MADAME YEVONDE

Miss Margaret Elizabeth Would to Mr. Colin Stuart Seavill. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. F. A. Would, of Humberton, Lines. He is the son of the late Wing-Comdr. F. C. Seavill, R.A.F., and of Mrs. Seavill, of Garretts Farm, Crondall, Hampshire

LENARE



Miss Ann Belinda Sampson-Way to Mr. Harold Charles Zorab. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. F. E. Sampson-Way, Thatched Cottage, Wannoek, Sussex. He is the younger son of Mr. & Mrs. E. A. Zorab, of Van Woustraat, The Hague



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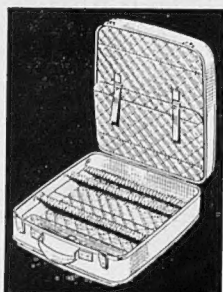
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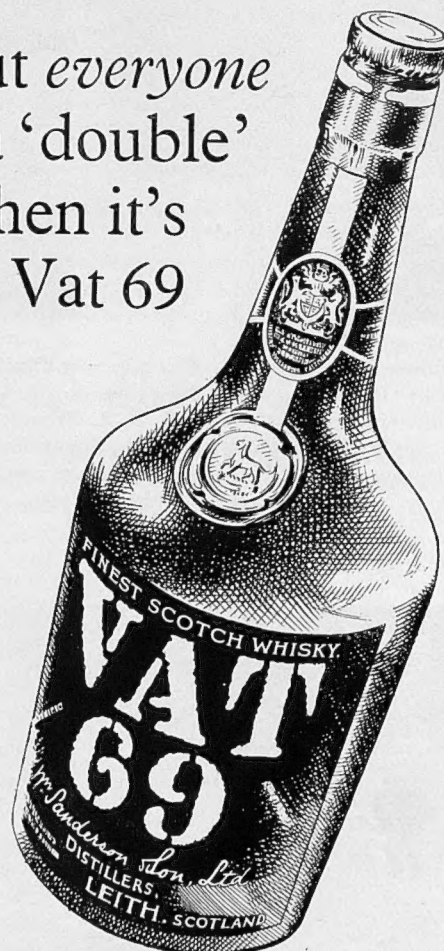
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*...but everyone
has a 'double'
when it's
Vat 69*



**THE ONE SCOTCH
THAT STANDS OUT**



THE TATLER & BYSTANDER
6 JULY 1960

LADY SNOW is Pamela Hansford Johnson, whose prolific novels (*The Unspeakable Skipton*, *The Humbler Creation*) consistently cause critical rapture. She is also a leading authority on Proust and is writing a new study of him at her home in Cromwell Road, where she was photographed. Her husband, Sir Charles Snow (whom she married in 1950), is distinguished both as a civil servant, scientist and novelist. They are just back from Russia, where some of his novels are to be translated. Next month the Snows are off abroad again, this time to lecture at the University of California. Their son Philip, aged seven, has already written his first poem, and Lady Snow's daughter by her first marriage, Lindsay Stewart, also has literary leanings. It is a formidable family for literary talent, particularly as there is energy to match

LADIES OF LETTERS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALAN VINES

INTRODUCTIONS BY RONALD BLYTHE

ANY GLANCE at literature is proof that lady writers have long been the rule rather than the exception. *Real* ladies, as they used to say. There was—to pick a few names at random—that marvellously uncaring Duchess of Newcastle who never went to court because she was so busy writing immense dramas to please her duke. And there was poor Lady Winchilsea, who was melancholic and loathed embroidery but loved writing poetry, which she did well enough for it to be considered a most disgraceful accomplishment. And of course there was Lady Hester Stanhope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who were the Rose Macaulays of their day, and the Ladies of Llangollen who were the Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas of theirs. Nor do I forget the lovely and complex Lady Blessington, who edited the Regency equivalent of the *Saturday Book* from a house that stood where the Albert Hall now looms—and who lived scandalously

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



LADIES OF LETTERS *continued*

à trois with Lord Blessington and Count D'Orsay, until death bore all three off to a handsome pyramid in France.

But the *ne plus ultra* of literary ladydom was Miss Austen herself. The entire fabric of feminine literary genius pivots on her, and one can be certain that no one more than she would approve the well-bred creatures who operate so many contemporary typewriters. She would be peculiarly satisfied to know that people of consequence, such as Miss Mitford, stuff their fictions with etiquette, and she would rejoice to know that the English social scene which she so adored remains a maze of subtle taboos. Did she not herself reserve her full wit for the niceties of the baronetage? It would, one cannot help feeling, have given her a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10





LADY FERGUSSON HANNAY is Doris Leslie, who has just produced another of her carefully constructed, richly coloured historical studies, *The Perfect Wife*, published last week. It is a life of Lady Beaconsfield, and she says it contains many new details. Her husband is Sir Walter Fergusson Hannay, who is a pillar of both Harley Street and the Noise Abatement Society (he is president). He has lately had a serious operation, which has changed their plans to leave Colesgrave Manor, Herts. Instead they will move into the Garden House in the grounds, a more manageable home in which to nurse him during his convalescence

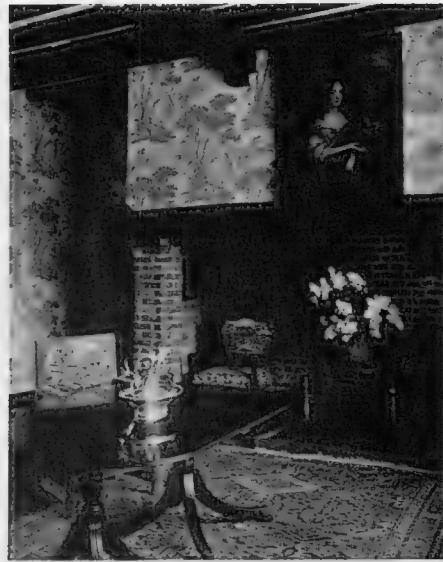
LADY JONES is Enid Bagnold (opposite), whose new play begins rehearsals this week at the Haymarket, scene of her memorable success *The Chalk Garden*. The book that first established her fame, *National Velvet*, is already a minor classic (the film version incidentally launched Elizabeth Taylor). It seems to befit the author of such entirely English creations that she should be married to the chairman of Roedean, Sir Roderick Jones, former head of Reuters. They have three sons and a daughter, and divide their time between London and Rottingdean

LADY TURNER is E. Arnot Robertson (right), novelist (*Ordinary Families*), broadcaster and traveller. She has lately been on a journey to Hong Kong and south-east Asia and is about to start writing a novel about the life of the Hong Kong refugees. Her *Justice of the Heart*, which contained a vivid account of life in Zanzibar, followed a similar journey. Lady Turner's many enthusiasms also include cooking, and plying the inland waterways in her motor launch. Her husband is Sir Henry E. Turner, former general secretary of the Commonwealth Press Union



LADIES OF LETTERS

continued



LADY LENANTON is Carola Oman, prize-winning biographer, who is seen (opposite) reading "Stuart Papers" for her next biography, a life of James II's consort, Mary d'Este of Modena. This will be her third biography of a Stuart queen. Her husband was the late Sir Gerald Lenanton, who died in 1952, the year before her life of Moore of Corunna won her the James Tait Black Memorial Prize. Her home, Bride Hall, near Welwyn (below), is of antiquarian interest both for the building (Stuart period) and the contents. For example, behind her in the picture is a Dutch marquetry cabinet full of porcelain (from the key hangs the gold medal of her Sunday Times prize for her life of Nelson). But the Gobelin of the chairs (left) was made by Lady Lenanton herself, who has also won a magazine prize for her handiwork (the medal of that prize is attached to the key of another cabinet). Below, far left: More porcelain, all from the collection of Chelsea, Crown Derby and Worcester formed by her grandmother. Centre: Scriptural scenes are carved on the doors of this fine 17th-century Dutch cabinet. Her comfortable Dalmatian is Colonsay Sunspots



rare pleasure to know that in spite of two world cataclysms and Mr. Frank Cousins it is all still going on. Jane Austen did more than put sensibility on a title-page. She injected into the feminine literary system a shot of tart good taste and poise which has changed the whole nature of the novel. Until she wrote a woman of letters was, with few exceptions, on a par with Doctor Johnson's woman preaching.

Feminine writing is still dominated by upper middle-class thought. The interesting working-class talents which have had so startling an effect on masculine literature have hardly touched the woman novelist. There have been no Angry Young Women storming the privileged scene in which Miss Bowen and Miss

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 12





LADIES OF LETTERS

concluded

LADY HUNTINGDON is Margaret Lane, novelist (*Faith, Hope, No Charity*) and biographer (the Brontë sisters, *Beatrix Potter*). Now, at home in Westmead House, Roehampton (below), she is breaking new ground: writing an adventure story following a trip to Africa.

The Countess of Huntingdon (she is the wife of the 15th earl) was 10 years a foreign correspondent and is president of the Women's Press Club. Lord Huntingdon studied under Diego de Rivera and painted in America. He did the murals (above) in their two daughters' room.



Ivy Compton-Burnett preside. The woman novelist has become a civilizing power, and the best of them contribute to what the psychologists term our "behaviour patterns." The best detective stories are still written by women and Queen Agatha still reigns supreme.

It would all be very heartening to Miss Austen. No longer are ladylike masterpieces secreted in the bottom of workbaskets. No more are countesses obliged to use an attic when they feel a sonnet coming on. Fiction has become the industry of the boudoir and royalties have robbed many a death duty of its sting. No longer, like Elizabeth Eliot, need spinsters anxiously wait "to be properly solicited by baronet-blood," for they would have only to wave their publishers' contracts to have half Burke in pursuit. And long may it be so, for without lady novelists the social scene, to say nothing of the literary pleasures, would lose in liveliness, grace and variety.

HOW TO SCORE WHILE WATCHING CRICKET

(without ever opening Wisden's)

Though cricket is a game that few women will be asked to play (and rightly, too, as any woman who has caught a shocked glimpse of herself in cricket pads will know), we are quite often expected to watch. And watching, though easier and more leisurely than actually participating, has snags all of its own—not counting the fact that most stands contain many tiny holes into which stiletto heels almost exactly fit. Since cricketers, however, are pleasant and simple people, most of whom eventually get married, it is advisable for any girl who has her eye on one to familiarize herself with what is required of her as a cricket camp-follower. And what is required of her begins well before the actual game. . . .

PREPARATION & ANTICIPATION

The night before: Never try and keep him out late at a party on the Friday. See yourself as irresistible old Salome if you like, but you will have to face the fact that on Saturday morning *he* will bitterly see you as the reason he's not hitting the ball. **The morning of the**

match: Never keep him waiting if he comes to collect you on the way to the match. That impatient half-hour he spends waiting in your sitting-room will give him ample time to wonder (a) whether that knee isn't stiffening up after all, and (b) what on earth made him ask you anyway. If on the other hand *you*

collect him, be prepared to sit around while he packs his cricket bag. (Don't try to help—every sacred item has to be packed lovingly into place by his hands alone, fortunately.) **On the way:** Never mention the weather in a dubious or gloomy way. Be positive! "*It's clearing up splendidly*" you must say.

HOURS OF PLAY

Where to sit: Pack yourself tidily away into a position that (a) is not ostentatious, yet (b) enables you to see every brilliant stroke he makes. Do not emulate that girl on the cover. Flinging yourself down on the grass as *The Spirit of Summer Incarnate* will not endear you to cricketers—as far as they are concerned *cricket* is the *Spirit of Summer Incarnate*, and let's all concentrate on it, for heaven's sake. **How not to pass the time:** Never knit or read. Keep your eyes on the pitch. It is aggravating to a cricketer to say afterwards, "*Not a bad catch, did you think?*" and be answered, "*Well, actually I was turning a heel at the time.*" **Watch your**

reactions: Cricket is not a humorous game. Keep your carefree trills of laughter for the bar later. Should someone fall over while attempting a gallant catch, do not be amused (or anyway not visibly). A sympathetic gasp is the thing here. Be especially wary of **Applause:** If to you the word means something that goes on at the beginning of a teenage rock 'n' roll programme, put that thought at the back of your mind. Applause at a cricket match is more a matter of atmosphere than noise. To show unlimited approval of a brilliant stroke, it is permissible to clap (rather quietly). But if you can be heard more than three rows away, people will start looking and you're in danger of being

stigmatized as hysterical. The opposite of applause is a pained and incredulous silence. Those who have many years of cricket-watching behind them may go so far as to lean back and say "*Oh,*" but this is advanced stuff and audience participation is better left alone. **Beware of the ball:** Should you see, just after a batsman has taken a terrific swipe at the ball, something that looks deceptively like a bird soaring over the grandstand, do not point eagerly at it. It will almost certainly be a bird soaring over the grandstand. The ball will be somewhere over to your left, on the ground. More people have made fools of themselves in this way than almost any other, in cricket.

CONVERSATIONAL NO-BALLS

Technicalities are traps: You may make a blatant mistake, and anyway he doesn't want you to have more batting averages at the tip of your tongue than he has. An inanity like "*Goodness, how white your boots are*" will earn you more marks—most men fancy themselves in cricket clothes, and indeed if anyone dressed up a monster from outer space in white flannels he would tend to look suave and appealing. **Phrases to memorize:**

"*You seem to be seeing the ball even better than last week.*" Here the operative word is "even," subtly demonstrating that you were breathless with concentration last Saturday, too. "*He must be using every stroke in the book,*" is an impressive expression which you are unlikely to be taken up on, even though he may be keeping the ball away from the wicket with enormous difficulty and clumsiness. "*Could we go and have a look at the pitch?*" Used before the match starts, this is

a phase beguiling to the heart of any cricketer. It is similar to the "*Do let's walk the course,*" ploy at point-to-points, but not half so laborious or muddy. **Avoid comparisons:** "*I bet May couldn't have done better himself,*" is bad because (a) it sounds as though you had got it from a book, and (b) he secretly thinks May couldn't have done half so well. **Avoid: a direct question:** "*How is your average doing?*" may well come at a tactless moment.

PAVILION PITFALLS

A girl who has been seen around the pavilion more than once is in danger of being asked to keep the score. **Does scoring score?** It is not a thing to be entered into lightly. For a start there's its complexity (after a few weeks' scoring you will be able to complete a simple

task like balancing the books of a public company in a few confident minutes). Then, once you have started you will be looked on as disloyal if you show any signs of wanting to stop. The wistful words "*We haven't got anybody to score next week,*" means you must give up your

trip to the Greek Islands with every sign of delight. **Tea interval tactics:** Avoid use of the word "Darling" unless you are actually engaged or married. Nothing is more likely to make him shift uneasily from foot to foot, and say afterwards in the changing-room "*I hardly know the girl, actually.*"

Master these simple points and the cricketer you are interested in may well come to see that life holds something besides cricket—but pause before you eagerly answer yes. Will you really want to spend the rest of your summers pinned to a cricket pitch? Strangely enough, you probably will. While you have been busy fascinating the cricketer, cricket—no beginner itself in the fascination game—will probably have done the same to you. You're hooked

—Mary Macpherson

SEVEN TIMES UNLUCKY

A draw after extra time ends Eton's fighting match against Winchester, whom they last beat in 1953



PHOTOS. TOM HUSTLER

It looked like a catch off J. R. Sanders (right) but in fact he and C. S. B. Thomas put on 66 runs in an eighth wicket stand that greatly strengthened Winchester's second innings



Miss Elizabeth Henderson, Mrs. Gordon MacLean and Miss Jane Henderson, with her dog Koko



Watching from the Slough end of Agar's Plough. The match ended in a draw, in spite of Eton's spirited effort in making 113 of the 148 runs set them for victory in the 70 minutes left for play

Major & Mrs. Guy Courage wait with their dogs for their son to answer his name at "Absence"



MURIEL BOWEN

Parties, parties and yet more parties . . .

BEHIND festoons of fairy lights and massed boxes of pink and blue hydrangeas, the hubbub of private parties is now at its loudest. Last week I was invited to 16. Seven days and 497 miles later I'd been to five. One of them was the memorable ball Mrs. John Sheffield gave at Syon House, the Duke & Duchess of Northumberland's enormous castellated square house near Brentford. It was to celebrate the coming-of-age of the Sheffield's son Julian, who is reading law at Cambridge, and the coming-out of his sister Diana, whose dreamy party-dress of white satin had embroidered panels of aquamarine. Currently she only has eyes for parties, but once the débutante season is through she hopes to take up charity work—preferably in a crèche.

For a party Syon is probably the loveliest house in the London area, but it needs almost

1,000 guests to be seen in its full grandeur. It had them all the night I was there.

Stiletto heels clicked across the black-and-white marble hall, which looks like a giant's chessboard, to the Red Drawing-room. Drinks were served here from mosaic tables (originally from the Baths of Titus in Rome). This was a room where guests liked to linger, and not only for the drinks. The walls are hung with plum-coloured Spitalfields silk, as Adam designed it, and the ceiling is a series of medallions picked out by concealed lighting against a background of gold leaf and madonna blue.

Chatting over drinks I saw the Duke & Duchess of Northumberland, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Digby, Sir Harry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, M.P., & Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, the Earl & Countess of Cottenham, Lady Diana Herbert, and the Duke & Duchess of Rutland.

Dancing was in a room surrounded by statues in niches and (out of harm's way) arrangements of flowers blooming in an orange and copper theme. Among the dancers were Lord Dundas, Mr. Robert Skepper—the noted young skier who is up at Cambridge, Mr. Edward Lane Fox, Miss Carolyn Hunter, Miss Ann Foster and Miss Sarah Wigan. Of the older generation the only ones who were able to go the pace were Lady Lovat, who was partnering Mr. Christopher Soames, the War Minister, in what the band-leader told me was “modified jive.”

The lawn, newly mown, had tables for supper and I saw there Lady Juliet Smith, Miss Nike Kent-Taylor, and Lady Sarah Jane Hope, their dresses bathed in the emerald spotlight that shone on the distant chestnuts. Overhead aircraft throbbed across the sky, but as sleep was the last thing anybody wanted they were no worry.

About 1 a.m., an exodus started from the main ballroom to the colonnaded courtyard, where a steel band was drumming out the latest pop tunes. Figures of fun, made of crinkly paper and with interior lighting, illuminated the archways.

By 2 a.m. everybody was still going strong—well, almost everybody. A gentleman who looked the inspiration for this year's Royal Academy picture of a foxhunting man lay asleep in the Duke of Northumberland's study with four copies of *The Field* at his feet. Mr. Paul Getty (having ignored the splendid supper), was munching a hot dog. He and his immediate circle appeared to be the only customers at the hot-dog stand.

A. V. SWAEBE



MASS LAUNCHING

Countess Jellicoe gave eight American débutantes their English début at a ball at Grosvenor House. Some launching, too! But, then, Lady Jellicoe is the sort of woman who is good at taking on heavy odds and triumphing in the process. She collected a flotilla of interesting people, many of them the sort who go to only one or two balls a year. “We were all roped in,” said Mr. Maurice Macmillan, M.P., explaining his presence. “Looking round I can’t figure out who has escaped!” There were the Marquess & Marchioness of Londonderry, Prince & Princess Tomislav of Yugoslavia, the Earl of Suffolk, Miss Lindy Guinness, Mr. Woodrow Wyatt, M.P., & Lady Moorea Wyatt, Lord & Lady Rotherwick, and Judge John Maude and his son, Mr. Humphrey Maude.

The Straight-Bowater wedding group: the bride & groom with the best man, Capt. John Arthur, on the left, the bridesmaids—who include Amanda Straight, Lady Diana Beatty, Hon. Annabel Hudson and Anne Shepherd—and the pages, Lord Greenock, Anthony Cazalet and Anthony Russell

BRIGGS by Graham



"My aim is to give the Americans an idea of what a really good English coming-out party is like, though to do it properly I should have a country house," explained the hostess.

I asked four of the American girls, Miss **Karen Kraft**, Miss **Virginia Baker**, Miss **Ashley Read**, and Miss **Lynne Morell** how they were enjoying their meeting with the British. This was the gist of what they said: "Young English men are handsome. But the old ones [25 plus] are marvellous—so interesting, so cute. We find it a bit difficult to understand the young ones, they all say the same thing . . . 'Are you one of the Americans? North or South? Been to England before? It's a pity it's raining'."

Those who gave Anglo-American relations at the ball a boost included the **Hon. George Ward, M.P.**, the Air Minister, and Mr. **Douglas Fairbanks**. Mr. Fairbanks, flower in buttonhole, sought out the American deb's mums and said: "My name's Fairbanks. Would you like to dance." They could not have been more pleased. As one of them said to me afterwards: "I've been in love with him on the screen for 25 years."

If more American girls come over next year I think this dance will become one of the balls of the season. There is a spontaneous gaiety about it.

SOUTH SEA FROLIC

Parties last week certainly weren't lacking in novelty. A Tahitian fruit salad was served in scooped-out pineapples and there were leis on virtually every female neck at the Diner de Gala to open the Beachcomber, the new restaurant at the May Fair. It was an evening in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and Mrs. **Charles Sweeny**, Mrs. **John Ward**, the **Hon. Mrs. Vere Harmsworth** and their committee had their initiative rewarded by a near four-figure profit.

"It's not like a South Sea island really," Mrs. Harmsworth told me. "But it's very

like the famous Hawaiian restaurant in San Francisco." Even the tropical beach is hourly treated to "storm effect." Lightning flashes and rain comes pelting down. Then, a blue sky and a rainbow.

To eat there are such things as chicken *po lo kai*—a chicken basted with wine and savoury herbs and rolled in shredded coconut.

A ST. MARGARET'S WEDDING

Nothing quite so exotic at the wedding reception of **Capt. Michael Bowater** of the Scots Guards and Miss **Camilla Straight**, but the iced coffee with great floating blobs of cream was being served by the *bucketful*. Waiters were ladling it out from four large stainless-steel buckets wrapped in napkins.

The bride, who is the golden-haired daughter of Mr. **Whitney & Lady Daphne Straight**, wore a John Cavanagh gown made of hundreds of yards of white organdie appliqué with white flowers. The bridal retinue was a particularly pretty one. The child bridesmaids—the bride's sister **Amanda**, **Lady Diana Beatty**, the **Hon. Annabel Hudson**, and Miss **Anne Shepherd**—wore dresses of white organdie and lace. The pages, three well-drilled young men, were in the scarlet-and-white 18th-century dress uniform of the Scots Guards. They were **Lord Greenock**, **Anthony Cazalet**, and **Anthony Russell**.

Following the service at St. Margaret's, Westminster, everybody went on to the Dorchester. The reception was a big family party with relatives who had flown in from as far away as Los Angeles, and all the staff and retainers of both families. There were the bridegroom's parents, **Lieut.-Col. Ian & the Hon. Mrs. Bowater**, the **Countess of Winchilsea & Nottingham**, and the bride's uncle and aunt who had flown in specially from the U.S., Mrs. **Peter Cookson**, and Mr. **Michael Straight**. Still more were the **Hon. Robin Finch-Hatton**, Mr. **Peter & Lady Diana Tiarks**, and Miss **Charlotte Bowater**.

A month in France and Italy, concluding

with a few days at Mr. **Whitney Straight's** villa in Majorca is the honeymoon programme. Then back to London. Mrs. **Bowater** has given up her work as an occupational therapist and on her return she will be putting the finishing touches to the house which she and her husband have bought at Little Venice, overlooking the canal.

HOUSE PARTY PLUS

For the weekend I went to Yorkshire for two days of celebrations which Mrs. **Eileen Moss** gave at Molescroft Hall, Beverley, for the coming-of-age of her son **Robert**. He goes up to Oxford in October to read law at Keble. Celebrations started with a banquet at which **Alderman D. G. Jackson**, Mayor of Beverley, proposed Robert's health. Then there was a dance in a marquee (*picture overleaf*).

"I felt with people coming from all over the country we should provide a weekend of entertainment," Mrs. Moss told me. Not only did she provide entertainment, but she put up 50 of the guests at Molescroft Hall. On the second day there was a mixed cricket match, with Miss "**Chips**" **Hunter** as the star bat. She managed to get one ball after the other lost in the shrubbery.

In the evening there was a fancy dress ball and a barbecue, with grilled steaks and chicken legs, in the beautifully landscaped grounds. Sheiks and foxhunters sat round in the moonlight. There were Mr. **Richard Copley-Smith**, Mr. **Luke Davidson**, Mr. **Ralph Harrison**, Miss **Frances Harvey** and Miss **Hermione Mason**. I also saw Mr. **Arthur Canby**, Mr. **John Matthews**, and many young men who had been at Uppingham with Robert.

Much talent was expended on dressing up, but not by Mr. **William Pinkney**, the President of the Yorkshire Law Society and joint-Master of the Middleton Hunt. He came in cricket whites (his own) and a cap borrowed from his nephew, who plays for Driffield.



YORKSHIRE COMING-OF-AGE

Mrs. Eileen Moss gave a week-end party for her son Robert



PHOTOS: LEWIS MORLEY

Miss Pamela Taylor, one of the week-end guests



Miss Gillian Collier and (behind) Miss Frances and Miss Patricia Harvey arrive in fancy dress



Mr. Ralph Harrison, Mr. Christopher Lumb, Mlle Danielle Avry, Mr. Robin Lamb, Miss Patricia Ann Hunter and Mr. Richard Copley-Smith, having lunch in the garden



Mr. John Hattersley, Miss Frances Harvey, Mr. Thomas Cave, Miss Gillian Collier and Mr. John Matthews relax before the cricket



Mr. Antony Naylor, Mrs. H. K. Harrison, Mrs. Eileen Moss, the hostess for the week-end, Mr. William Naylor, Mr. Henry K. Harrison and Mr. Robert Moss



It was the second 21st party for Mr. Robert Moss, the first was held in South Africa. Muriel Bowen reports on page 17

Comtesse François de Bourbon-Busset (below with her father, Capt. Alec Balfour) gave the party for her daughter, Joy Maria de Rouvré (right). Lower picture: Comte François de Bourbon-Busset & Mme Fabre-Luce, coffee was served at 7 a.m. to revive the dancers



PARIS COMING-OUT

Comtesse François de Bourbon-Busset gave the ball for her daughter Joy in their 18th-century home on the Rue de Lille



Among the guests who travelled to France for the ball were (from left) the Hon. Colin & Lady Anne Tennant, Mrs. Colin Balfour, Lieut. Jonathan Findlay, Comdr. Colin Balfour and the Countess of Erroll. Right: Princesse Jean de Ligne and M. de Yturbe



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
FRANCIS GOODMAN

Mlle Christine de Vogüé, who is the daughter of Comte & Comtesse Bertrand de Vogüé of the champagne family. With her is Comte Charles de Casteja



Mr. Christopher Cochrane (Magdalen) and Miss Caroline Carey, an Oxford art student, in their own variation on the cha-cha



Commemoration balls

at CHRIST CHURCH

... and JESUS



Mr. Andrew Osmond (Brasenose) and Miss Sarah Drummond, who was at her first Oxford ball



Mr. James McMenemy (New College) and Miss Gilia Leather with Tweedle Dee, whose creator, Lewis Carroll, was a Christ Church man



Mr. Graham Lancashire (Lincoln), Mlle Netty Piron and Mr. J. Christie, Principal of Jesus. The ball had six bands and a Parisian theme



Mr. Paul Foot (University), son of Sir Hugh & Lady Foot, and Miss Monica Beckinsale (St. Hugh's)



Miss Sue Harvey (Lady Margaret) and Mr. Simon Archer (Corpus Christi). All the girls were asked to come wearing black or white, or both



The cabaret, starring Cy Grant, was held in the Jesus Quad. Below: Mlle Katherine Segal & Mr. Charles Cary-Ekkes (Trinity)



PHOTOS: PETER ESPE

LORD KILBRACKEN

That game—*we* made our own rules

THERE is a lot of talk at present, as usual, about making cricket more entertaining. It seems to be agreed that it must be made tolerable for player and spectator alike. Those diehards who hold that it is tolerable are in a small minority, daily growing smaller. I, therefore, feel it may be of some value to the game if I allow to be published, for the first time, the Laws evolved and observed by the now defunct Oxford Decadents' Cricket Club, of which I am a founder member.

I gave up serious cricket at the age of 15, but by then I had already played in three very representative sides: my Prep School XI at Ashdown House, my Junior House XI at Eton, and the Coleman's Hatch 2nd XI on the perfectly convex village green at the edge of Ashdown Forest, which was much the greatest fun. I bowled leg breaks and had a reputation as a slogger. I was thus an experienced cricketer by 1940, my first summer at Oxford.

It was hardly surprising, therefore, that I should have been invited to form the Decadents by a select group of reformist enthusiasts. Over half-a-dozen beers, we decided that much could be done to enhance and improve a game which seemed to be falling into disrepute, if not total desuetude. The Laws we drafted were quickly and unanimously approved by the quorum of three which our constitution required (Harris, D. K.; Salmon, W. G. L.; and Godley, J.), whereupon we found no difficulty in enrolling sufficient members, locating suitable opponents, and deriving, at least for ourselves, all the entertainment in the world.

The same would be found, I believe, if the Decadents' Laws were now universally adopted, especially at Test level, and I have no hesitation in making them publicly available. They are as follows:

Law I. A perpetual cocktail party shall be in progress in the pavilion.

Law II. Opponents shall consist exclusively of members of the women's

colleges *in statu pupillari*. They shall be selected by the Decadents on whatever basis they (the Decadents) think fit. A potential opponent's total ignorance of cricket shall not be deemed an obstacle to inviting her, so long as she be pretty.

Law III. Teams shall be 16 a side, but not more than 11 shall be allowed to "bat" in any innings, and not more than 11 shall be allowed to "field" simultaneously. This is to ensure, for social reasons, that at least five members of the opposite sex shall be off the field of play at any given moment to keep the party going.

Law IV. The minimum number of "fieldsmen" (or "fieldswomen") shall be five, except in special circumstances.

Law V. All Decadents shall "bat" and "bowl" left-handed. The only exception to this law is in the case of left-handed players. These must perform *right*-handed. Ambidexterous players are prohibited.

Law VI. It being a well-known fact that women, whatever they may say and however hard they try, are physically incapable of bowling "over-arm," it would not be cricket to allow this form of delivery to Decadents. Any offender will be instantly (a) no-balled, (b) black-balled, (c) taken off, (d) warned off and (e) compelled—worst of all—to "field" for the remainder of the innings.

Law VII. No "fieldsmen" shall be allowed to run.

Law VIII. A car or other motor vehicle shall be kept at readiness at the pavilion, to convey the next "batsman" (or "batswoman") from the pavilion to the "crease." When and if a player be adjudged "out," he or she shall forthwith sit down at the "crease" until the said vehicle arrives. In the event of mechanical breakdown, the game shall be suspended indefinitely.

Law IX. Umpires shall be male and partial.

Law X. Each innings shall be limited in

duration to one hour, and there shall be an interval of two hours between innings.

Law XI. Any member of the Decadents' XVI discovered in the long grass with more than one member of the opposing XVI simultaneously shall be adjudged a cad. Any member of the Decadents' XVI not discovered in the long grass with *any* member of the opposing XVI shall be adjudged a fool.

Law XII. It being generally acknowledged indelicate to refer in speech to a lady's nether limbs, no member of the opposing XVI shall be given "out" l.b.w., in the unlikely event of any Decadent being sufficiently tactless to appeal. Any lady who takes advantage of this Law by intentionally placing a nether limb, or limbs, in such a way as to obstruct her wicket shall be judged to be no lady.

Law XIII. Similarly, no "leg theory" or "leg trap" shall be allowed, and the "leg side" shall be referred to as the "on side." (Note: Opponents who habitually use a leg trap cannot be prevented from continuing the practice.)

Law XIV. To avoid unnecessary waste, "bowlers" shall place down their beer mugs before delivering the ball.

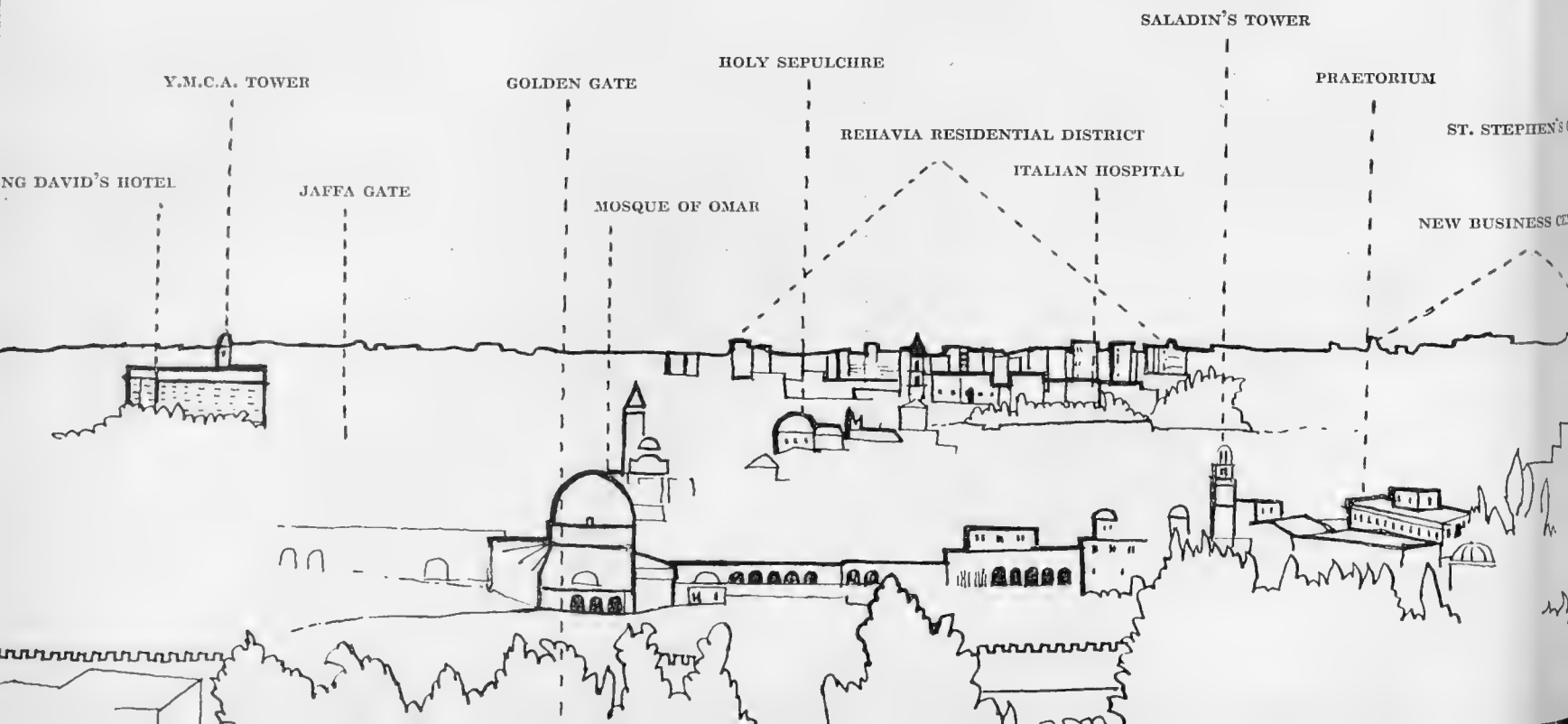
Law XV. Any Decadent who bowls a maiden over shall be obliged to pick her up again.

Law XVI. On all matters not covered by the foregoing, the rules as promulgated by the Marylebone Cricket Club shall apply.

Following these Laws to the letter, the Decadents' XVI duly played three matches (and naturally won them): the first against Somerville, the second against a combined XVI from L.M.H. and St. Hilda's, the third against all-comers. Five Decadents quickly became engaged, and three others had to leave Oxford at short notice. It was only when petrol rationing made it impossible to comply with Law VIII that our fixture list, reluctantly, had to be abandoned.

The still-divided city

A 1960 PANORAMA BY ROBIN

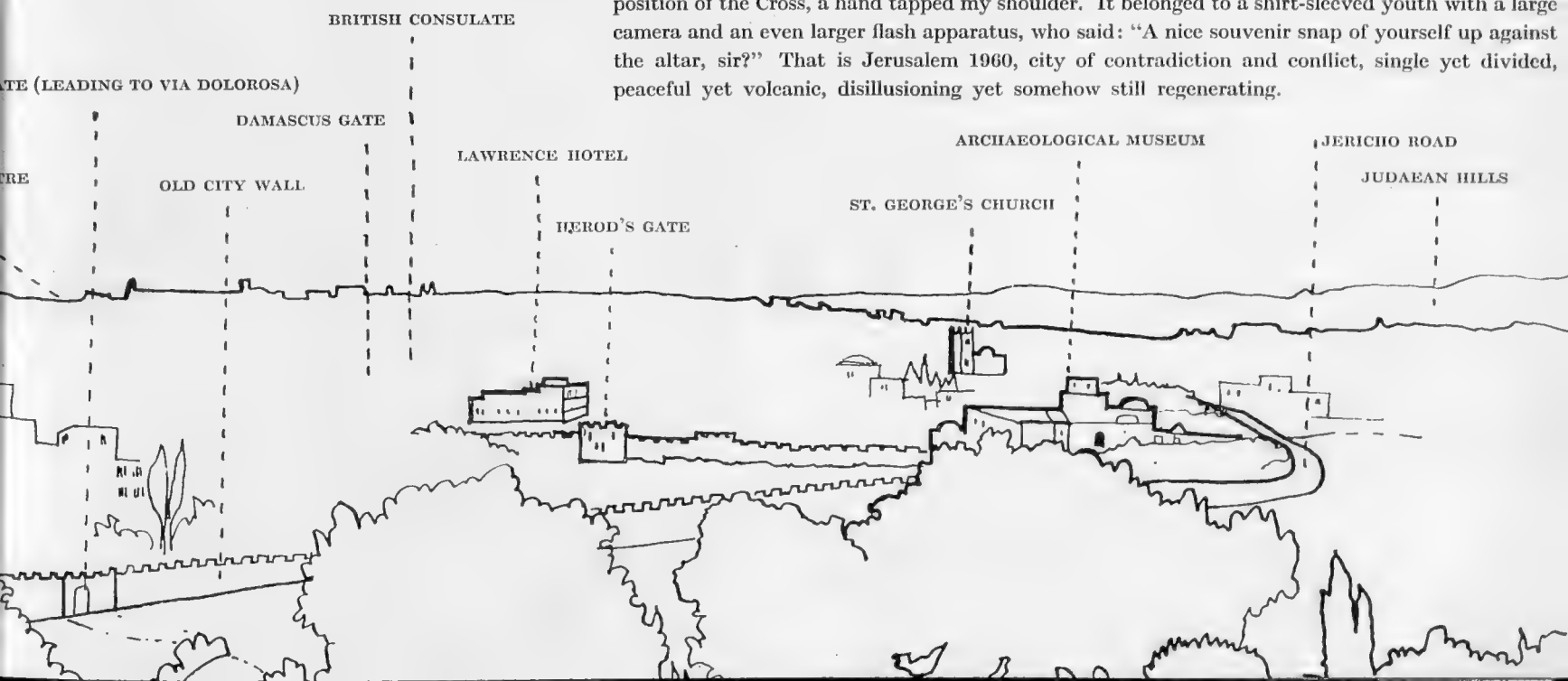


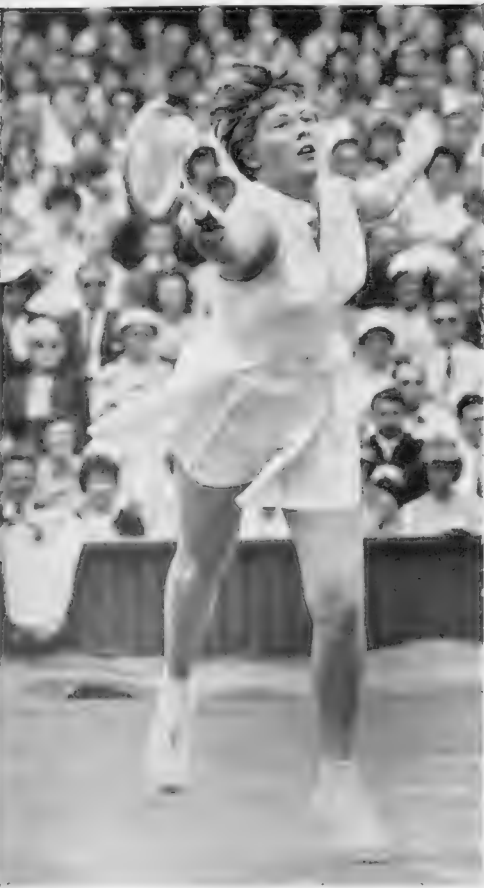
THE HOLY CITY of Christendom, the city for which the Crusaders battled, has a peaceful look today when viewed from the Mount of Olives. But through the middle, concealed from the camera by the clustering buildings, twists a barbed-wire fence, a kind of modern crown of thorns that symbolizes the enduring presence of violence and enmity. The barbed-wire, and a ghostly strip of empty tumbledown houses and overgrown gardens that runs alongside it, separate the Arabs of Jordan and the Jews of Israel. A handful of UN observers are in attendance to see that the two opposing camps—still at war, though not actually fighting—keep to their own sides of this tortuous no-man's-land, which curls at night like a thick black ribbon between the twinkling lights. At intervals the grotesque teeth of roadblocks jut out of the hallowed ground. The feud that divides the Holy City so cruelly is not between Christians, but Christians themselves offer a hardly more amicable example. In their custody of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the various Christian sects—Roman Catholics, Greek Orthodox, Armenian Apostolic, Syrian Orthodox—are so irreconcil-

DOUGLAS - HOME



ably at odds that they cannot even agree on a programme to repair the shrine, which is propped and crumbling. In the south transept scaffolding protects tourists from falling bits of masonry. But neither bricks nor bullets deter the tourists. Jerusalem has become a thriving holiday centre—at any rate for Jordan, in whose territory, ironically enough, lies the Old City, Gethsemane and nearby Bethlehem. But visitors' idealistic preconceptions are liable to suffer. Gethsemane, for instance: undoubtedly it is a beautifully tended little garden, but at the gate stands an iced-drink vendor and the ancient olive branches ring with the garden-fence gossip of Minnesota matrons. Along the Via Dolorosa sweating tourists in T-shirts stagger under the weight of replica crosses to see if they can make it all the way to Golgotha. As I stood in front of the altar marking the reputed position of the Cross, a hand tapped my shoulder. It belonged to a shirt-sleeved youth with a large camera and an even larger flash apparatus, who said: "A nice souvenir snap of yourself up against the altar, sir?" That is Jerusalem 1960, city of contradiction and conflict, single yet divided, peaceful yet volcanic, disillusioning yet somehow still regenerating.





Miss Christine Truman had a hard match against Mrs. D. Knode, whom she beat in the third set

Miss Sarah Miles, from Ingatestone—with the parade of spectators reflected in her dark glasses

Below: Miss Judy Huxtable, who had her coming-out dance at her home in Worplesdon this week.
Below right: Mrs. Fred Perry



Who's for tennis? During Wimbledon Fortnight, almost everybody. It's a time when executives are unusually hard to get hold of in the afternoons. It's a time when junior partners can give up any idea of borrowing the office car. It's a time when it's no social solecism to admit to watching afternoon television. Tennis may not be quite so exciting as it was in the great days of Perry and Budge or Kramer and Little Mo, but in the setting of Wimbledon it still has enough attraction to cause restlessness throughout the ranks of the desk-bound. And those who broke free this year may have something special to remember (besides the rain), for this may prove to have been the last all-amateur All-England. Next year the professionals expect to be let in at last



Miss Maria Bueno of Brazil, as last year's champion, opened Ladies' Day on the Centre Court against Mlle Christine Mercelis of Belgium, whom she beat easily in two sets



Weather in the first week alternated between shirt sleeves and raincoats—but neither rain nor shine discouraged spectators. Above: Some who managed to get away for opening day



A pre-Wimbledon reception in honour of the competitors was given at Simpson's Services Club

A. V. SWAEBE



Mrs. J. Spencer-Churchill and Miss Harriet Cohen



Miss Anna Dmitrieva & Mr. M. Mozer (Russia)



Mr. & Mrs. Dennis Silk and Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Brasher. Below: Miss Adrienne Morris, Mrs. S. Rosin and Mr. Jan Lundquist (Sweden) and M. Jaques Brichant (Belgium)





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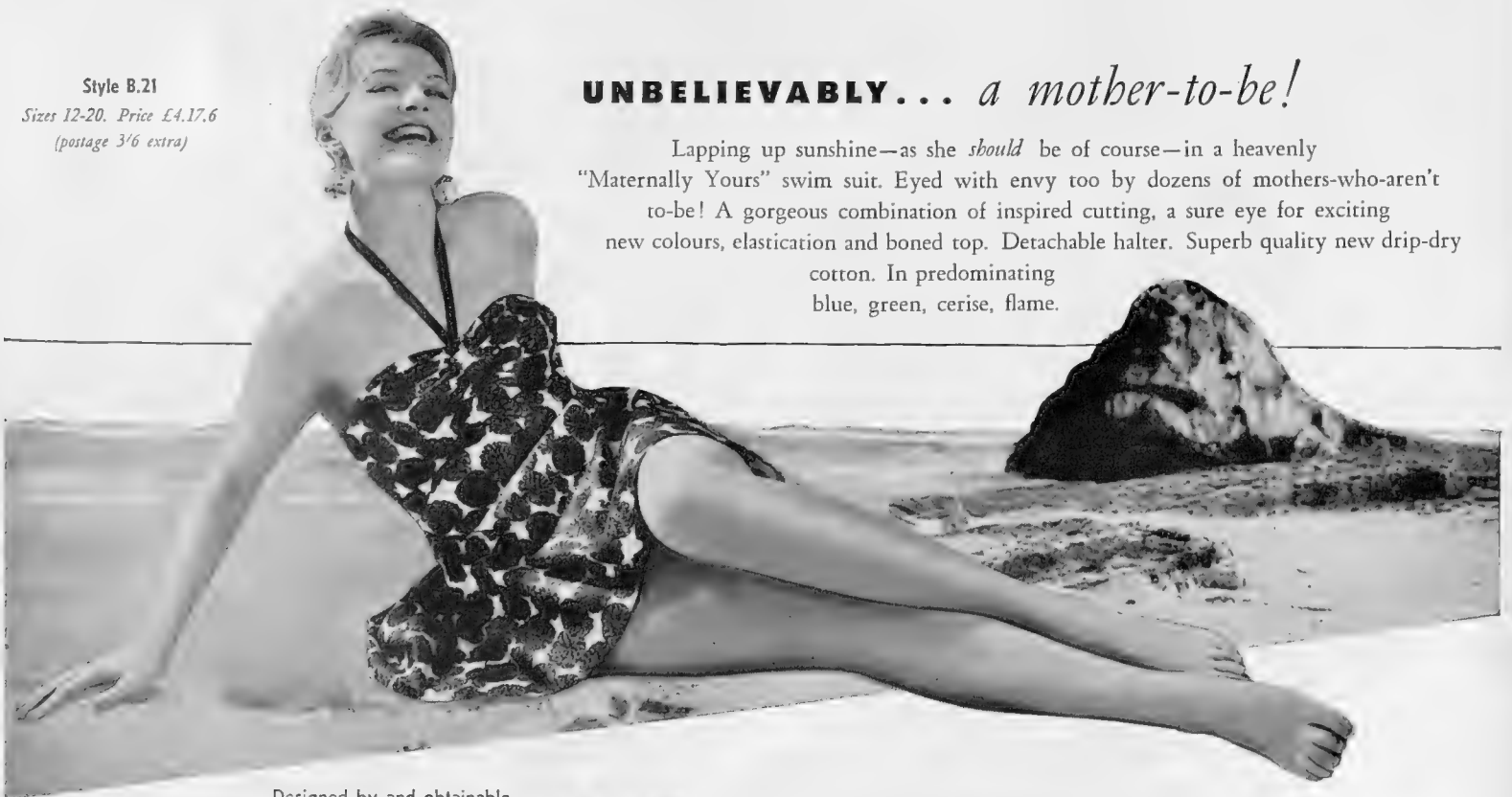
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DRAWINGS BY DUTHY



For morning shopping or chores in the home there's this two-piece in a stone-coloured heavy linen-type material. The top is sleeveless and can be worn over a fine wool sweater in cool weather. The skirt is, of course, adjustable.

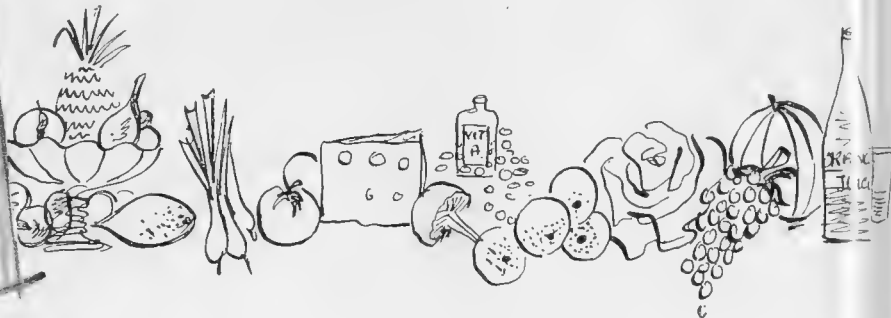
By Modern Mother from The Treasure Cot at Daniel Neal, W.1; Hardcastles, Oldham.

Price: £4 2s. 6d.

Outdoor days and party time

Summer days demand a dress that is completely unrestricting but still flattering, like the easy-to-wear frock (left) in green and white striped cotton.

The deep inverted front pleat conceals the ample fullness. By Du Barry at Du Barry, Duke Street, W.1; Crib & Craft, Salisbury; J. R. Taylor, St. Annes. Price: £5 10s.



On holiday and in the home, slacks are favourites and when worn with a loose shirt cut slightly longer than normal, perfectly convenable. These are in tobacco brown jersey. The front, hidden by the blue and brown printed white piqué shirt, is made of stretch Helanca. From Motherhood, 25 Baker Street, W.1. Prices: Slacks, £5 15s. 6d.; Shirt, £2 17s. 6d.

Smart luncheons, committee meetings or a day in town can be faced with confidence in the cleverly cut dress (opposite) of heavy cream-coloured wool fabric. Rouleaux of the same material are looped to form a fringe to the sleeves and edge the high neckline. A Rose Sinclair model at Dickins & Jones, W.1; Samuels, Manchester. Price: £10 15s.



Cocktail or garden parties can be carried off with dash in a straight navy blue slub silk sleeveless dress that tapers to the hemline. The matching coat is lined with a navy spotted white silk. From Elegance Maternelle, 5 Thayer Street, W.1, who make to order from 18 gns. They will also make up customers' own materials

Winner for evenings . . .

It is not always easy to find a really pretty maternity evening dress but this one in coral chiffon is a winner. The back is elasticized, so that when the pregnancy is over, the dress can be altered to a normal fitting. Flattering and feminine it can be bought in the coral and other colours at Maternally Yours, 24 New Cavendish Street, W.1. Price: 15½ gns.



. . . and books to read

For stay-at-homes or gadabouts the books alongside make useful reading, starting (top) with *Childbirth Without Fear* by the natural childbirth pioneer, Dr. Grantley Dick-Reid. Heinemann, 12s. 6d.

The Care of Children From One to Five, by Dr. John Gibbens. J. & A. Churchill, 5s.

The Care of Young Babies, by Dr. John Gibbens. J. & A. Churchill, 6s.

Babies & Young Children: their feeding, management & care. By Ronald & Cynthia Illingsworth. J. & A. Churchill, 18s.

Baby & Child Care, by Dr. Benjamin Spock. The Bodley Head, 15s.



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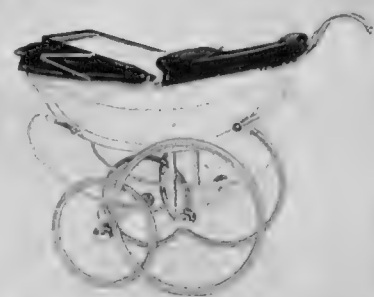
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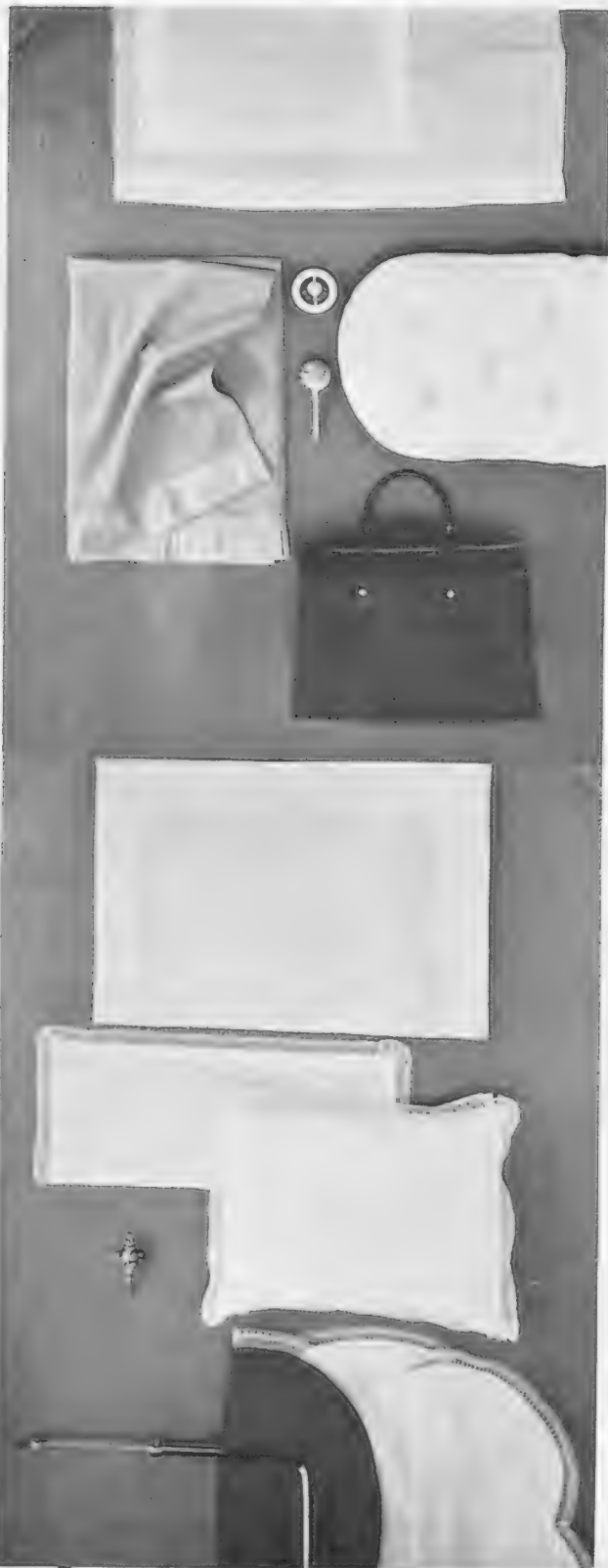
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PRAMS AT HOME—



For rounding the Serpentine after lunch, this high, easy-to-push pram by Osnath comes in one colour or two. The inside is upholstered and hood and apron are waterproof. A foot extension increases the price by £3 from 34 gns. From Harrods; Treasure Cot at Daniel Neal, Portman Square; Davies, Kensington High Street.

Accessories to suit: An enchanting canopy in a sky-blue and white (for example) checked voile; the scalloped edges are tucked in white nylon; interlined in green; the frame adjusts by front and back cords and concertinas shut; by Morlands. Not shown: a frame that clips on to the hood supports and adjusts by levers; again by Morlands. First frame, in two sizes, 89s. 6d. or 95s.; second frame, 105s. From most good shops. A pillowcase, in white linen lawn, trimmed with lace, unfussily hand-embroidered, with a pram sham to match. From a selection. Pillowcases from 25s. 6d. and pram shams from 15s. 6d. Pillows inside the cases are of non-smother hair and white linen; as half moon or rectangle, 25s. 6d. A pram cover adds quiet elegance, in cream coloured cashmere with a stitched edge; same style in white linen or piqué. Both covers and shams can be monogrammed or embroidered with crests; these are usually in stock. Cashmere covers cost 69s. 6d., linen or piqué, 59s. 6d. All these from Hayford, 205 Sloane Street, S.W.1, the covers exclusively. As a finishing touch, not a silver spoon, but a Victorian silver rattle, with coral handle and a piercing whistle on the end. At Richard Ogden, Burlington Arcade, price: £9. Other period rattles available.

AND PRAMS AWAY

For a holiday, a pram that folds but wheels as well; the Sol Whitby, from Treasure Cot at Daniel Neal; but only to order. Better-looking than most folders, it really has quick-release wheel action. A foot extension can add 7 in. to over-all length, or as a foot rest for a toddler while a baby sleeps behind. With extension, £28 5s.

Accessories to suit: A bag, in zip-up canvas with plastic lining, to fix to the pram's handle; from Treasure Cot at Daniel Neal, 35s. 6d. Coming into the picture (on the left) is a pram essential, a white hair mattress, about 49s. 6d. Cane rattle, smoothly finished, 6s. Ring, just as smooth, 7s. 9d. Both from Primavera, Sloane Street. Satin-bound blanket in merino wool, 30 in. by 40 in., in pink, blue, primrose or camel; from Jaeger, Regent Street, 27s. 6d. Crisp cotton sheet and pillowcase, in pink and white candy stripe, banded with white and embroidered with pink dots, the set £4 14s. 6d. From a selection at Petite Caroline, 16 Motcomb Street, S.W.1. An ideal present.





SOMETHING IN THE CITY...

HEATED

... by the gentle heat of a sauna room, only a few minutes' walk from Lloyd's. You can have it just as hot as you like. The place is the City Hall Sauna, patronized by hard-pressed businessmen in need of uplift. Members of the City Police seem to find it especially invigorating. Getting the treatment: Inspector R. C. Turner, Inspector J. O'Dwyer, Detective F. G. Bird



BEATEN

... by the leafy twigs of Scandinavian birch specially imported from Finland. Not much good for masochists—the beating is only hard enough to stimulate the skin. There's a pleasant scent, too—a fragrance given off by the birch. Men do this from Monday to Saturday—but for Tuesday, which is ladies' day



ICED

... by a plunge into 50 deg. F. water—which sounds cold enough to feel like ice after the heating, though the Finns might use a lake or snow. No steam in the sauna, by the way; dry heat only



... or, is this the explanation of why certain husbands

SPRAYED

WEIGHED

PUMMELED

—but still Top



... to see if you're still all there. Not that losing weight is the main idea, but it does happen. When results are good, some chance a snack and a drink, provided by the management



... by a tingling shower. Mr. J. Begg, a Regent Street outfitter, has taken sauna baths all over Europe. Half-way through the process now—an hour and a half in all, and people do it for pleasure



... in a private cubicle by Mr. Stephen Millar, physiotherapist and manager of the sauna. Nine out of ten have this. End result is said to be a glowing confidence back at the office, which should be a warning to businessmen whose rivals take a sauna



seem all washed up after a busy day in the City?

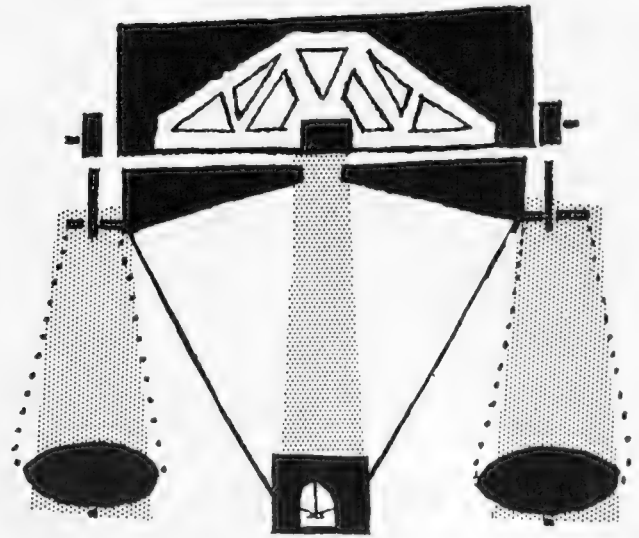


Off-stage, Lynn Fontanne is reflected in the glass of her dressing table at the Royalty. On-stage (above) her husband, Alfred Lunt, faces a fatal verdict in The Visit, the play with which the Lunts opened the new theatre in Kingsway, on the Stoll site. Anthony Cookman reviews it on the facing page

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERTI DEUTSCH



VERDICTS



The play **The Visit.** Royalty Theatre. (Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt.)

The films **Sons & Lovers.** Director Jack Cardiff. (Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, Dean Stockwell, Heather Sears, Mary Ure.)

The Savage Innocents. Director Nicholas Ray. (Anthony Quinn, Yoko Tani, Peter O'Toole, Carlo Justini.)

Wild River. Director Elia Kazan. (Montgomery Clift, Lee Remick, Jo Van Fleet, Albert Salmi.)

Five Branded Women. Director Martin Ritt. (Silvana Mangano, Vera Miles, Barbara Bel Geddes, Jeanne Moreau, Van Heflin, Richard Basehart.)

Seawards The Great Ships. Documentary, director Hilary Harris.

The records **Festival Session,** by Duke Ellington.

Time Out, by Dave Brubeck.

Chairman Of The Board, by Count Basie.

Gee Baby, Ain't I Good To You, by Harry Edison.

Callin' The Blues, by J. C. Higginbotham & "Lockjaw" Davis.

The books **Casanova's Chinese Restaurant,** by Anthony Powell (Heinemann, 16s.).

Shakespeare & Company, by Sylvia Beach (Faber, 25s.).

This Little Band of Prophets, by Anne Freemantle (Allen & Unwin, 28s.).

Dying Nicely, by Hamilton Johnston. (Gollancz 15s.).

THEATRE



Anthony Cookman

Gothic evening with the Lunts

EVERY THEATRE HOPES, OF COURSE, to begin its history by presenting a fine play acted finely, but managements have to do what they can and it is something that the new Royalty Theatre in Kingsway is able to open with a display of brilliant acting virtuosity. It is a brilliance that carries with it a little shock of surprise. We are accustomed to seeing the Lunts in the sophisticated naturalism of Coward, Rattigan or Robert Sherwood, and here they are riding the whirl-

wind in an Expressionist revenge drama.

Miss Lynn Fontanne is a sort of modern Medea balefully and relentlessly demanding the life of a man who wronged her years ago. Mr. Alfred Lunt is her victim, a collarless shopkeeper of a run-down German town made physically sick on the stage by fear and after a fearful struggle with his conscience resigning himself calmly in the third act to the stranglers. The play that asks for this startling alteration of style from the players—**The Visit**, by Mr. Freiderich Dürrenmatt—is a rather unpersuasive denial of the compatible belief that man is good; but the Lunts manage all the same to turn it into a fascinating technical *tour de force*.

The wealthy old lady returning to her native town on which an unaccountable and dispiriting blight has fallen is the sort of creature that Sarah Bernhardt pretended to be in private life. She has bought a former magistrate for a butler. Two notorious criminals carry her historic open sedan chair. Two men who have been blinded for bearing false witness against her are her musicians. A panther in a box and an empty black coffin are carried before her. She has brilliant red hair and a voice that applies a cutting edge to every discussion.

The simple townspeople are joyfully convinced that the fabulous wealth of this fabulous lady will

restore their town to its former importance. This is indeed what she is prepared to do. She offers them a billion marks. There is only one condition. They must kill the man who seduced her as a girl, denied that her child was his and drove her into a brothel. The man is Schill, burgomaster-elect and a most popular fellow. Her condition is rejected indignantly in the name of humanity. "I can wait," says the lady with sinister calm.

Poor Schill soon discovers that though his fellow townsmen have rejected the billion marks with noble scorn they all begin to behave as if they had accepted it. They are all buying luxuries that they could never afford and buying on credit. He soon realizes that his life is in danger, and falls into panic as it is made clear that both the policeman and the pastor have been touched with the subtle corruption that comes from believing in their hearts that somehow or other the billion marks are in the bag.

He tries to leave the town, but his friends with a great show of goodwill restrain him. Slowly feeling against him hardens. The high-minded schoolmaster is the last to find reasons why he also should turn into a rhinoceros. By this time Schill has made peace with his conscience and is ready to face his doom.

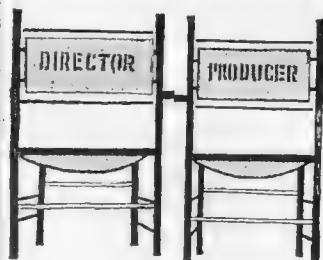
The third act really belongs to Miss Fontanne. She has to show in

theatrical terms how the lady's morbid psychology works. Her passionate love for the young Schill has turned into a passionate hatred which she can gratify because money can buy everything, even justice. But the old days of early love are dear to her, and she has an insane desire to possess the object of her hatred as a ghost at peace within her heart.

Some may find this picture of human wickedness a little too pessimistic for them to take seriously. As a Victorian statesman once said of something else: "This is a singularly ill-contrived world; but not so ill-contrived as that." However, Miss Fontanne succeeds in making the twisted psychology wonderfully viable in terms of the stage; and the lady's departure in deep mourning with the no-longer empty black coffin carried before her is something to remember.

Mr. Peter Brook parallels the technical virtuosity of the leading actors with an exercise in Expressionistic production which is continuously alive with little technical triumphs of its own. It is not a form of theatre which English playgoers have ever liked much, and there are times when what seem like brilliant short cuts seem to hold up the action to no effective purpose. At such times we wonder if the melodramatic story would not gain by being presented with flat-footed realism.

CINEMA



by Elspeth Grant

Mr. Cardiff's
grit pays off

MR. JACK CARDIFF USED TO BE OUR ace award-winning cinematographer, and when he decided he'd rather be a film director, some of us wept worse than the Walrus and the Carpenter "to see such quantities of 'sand'." It takes a lot of grit to abandon a star position in one profession and strike out into another, even more competitive and certainly far more tricky: I mean, whereas the cinematographer has served an apprenticeship, anybody who can persuade a film company that he is a genius may be allowed to direct. (Somebody's illuminating comment on Hollywood was: "There's too much genius and not enough talent.")

With *Sons & Lovers*, based on the late Mr. D. H. Lawrence's largely autobiographical novel, Mr. Cardiff demonstrates that his ambition was justified. The film is beautifully directed. It has an excellent script (by Messrs. Gavin Lambert and T. E. B. Clarke), the settings are exactly right (for which I feel credit must go to the associate producer, Mr. Tom Morahan, an ex-art director with an infallible eye for a

milieu); it is superbly acted by a fine cast and admirably photographed (by Mr. Freddie Francis, who must be a man after Mr. Cardiff's own photographic heart).

The young American actor, Mr. Dean Stockwell, gives a remarkably good account of himself as Paul Morel, a Nottinghamshire lad—a brilliant, [difficult, budding artist, son of a rough, mining father (Mr. Trevor Howard, at his best) and a possessive mother (Miss Wendy Hiller, at her best) who is determined that her Benjamin of boys shall have a better chance in life than the pits offer.

It is her love for him that causes endless rows in their squalid home and prevents him from escaping to London to make art his career—at the expense of an impressed art dealer (dear Mr. Ernest Thesiger). It is his love for her that spoils his relationship with the adoring but timid girl, Miriam (Miss Heather Sears, genuinely moving), and makes his brief, passionate affair with the married woman, Mrs. Dawes (Miss Mary Ure), of no lasting consequence. "I don't want to belong to anyone any more," says Paul, after his mother's death—and one foresees his restless, questing future and the anguish he will cause, as one who will tolerate no ties, among those who would willingly dedicate their lives to him.

Some of the novel's psychological subtleties have necessarily been skimmed over—but the film has such humanity and such a rare quality of true emotional intensity, I do hope you will see it.

Mr. Anthony Quinn, that astonishing giant who can act even dogs and kids clear off the screen, throws himself heart and soul into the role of a primitive Eskimo hunter in *The Savage Innocents*, a strikingly unusual (and, here and there, somewhat gory) film, directed by Mr. Nicholas Ray. Guileless and good-humoured, the hunter and his wife (ravishing Miss Yoko Tani) lead their hard, simple lives within the Arctic Circle and according to the ancient



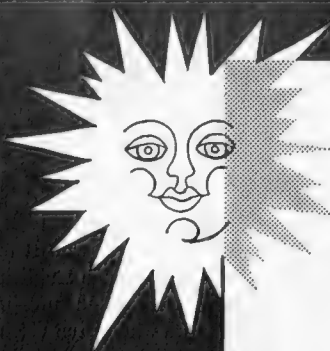
A TUG-O'-WAR BEGINS between miner Morel and his wife (Trevor Howard and Wendy Hiller), with their son's supper as the prize, in *Sons & Lovers*. Top: Away from the bitter squabbles of his home, Paul Morel (Dean Stockwell) talks over his problems with the understanding Miriam (Heather Sears)

customs of the Eskimos—who see nothing wrong in leaving an aged and useless mother-in-law to be devoured by bears, or in a man's lending his wife to another man.

A missionary visiting Mr. Quinn's igloo offends him by refusing to "laugh with" (a euphemism for "make love to") Miss Tani. In his annoyance, Mr. Quinn accidentally kills his guest. This, he allows, is unfortunate—but as he didn't mean to kill, he regards it as no crime. The civilized authorities down south

take a different view—and two troopers are dispatched to the Arctic wastes to capture the hunter and bring him to trial for murder.

Before ever they reach the outposts of civilisation with their bewildered captive, one of the troopers is frozen to death: the other (Mr. Peter O'Toole) only survives through the resourcefulness of the Eskimo he has sworn to see hanged—and who could so easily have left him to die in the snow. I was greatly



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LANCÔME



rejoiced that Mr. Quinn is allowed to return to his wife, his savage innocence (in which the actor makes one believe completely) unimpaired. The dialogue sounds a little odd (though perhaps this is explained by the fact that the Eskimo language is practically untranslatable) but the strangeness of the people is enthralling and the Technicolor photography magnificent.

Mr. Elia Kazan's in many ways fine film, *Wild River*, tells how, in the 1930s, the Tennessee Valley Authority, which planned to dam and harness the Tennessee River for the public good, was stymied by an obstinate old woman (Miss Jo Van Fleet) who refused to sell her island home.

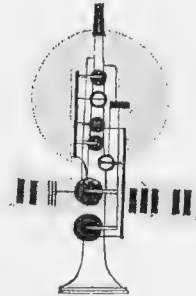
Mr. Montgomery Clift, representing the Authority, tries to persuade her to co-operate but only succeeds in entangling himself with her grand-daughter (Miss Lee Remick) and arousing the marked hostility of the natives. The Law is invoked to evict the old woman—who dies of a broken pride. Progress, one gathers, has been served. I found Mr. Clift's habit of meditating for minutes before muttering the merest "Almin . . . yeah!" madly irritating; he slows the film to a very tired snail's pace.

Five Branded Women is a turgid little piece about five Yugoslav girls who, after having their hair cropped to the bone for consorting with an amorous Nazi sergeant, join the partisans and end up heroines—some of them dead. I thought this one a bit of a mess.

Seawards *The Great Ships* is an

outstanding documentary account of shipbuilding on the Clyde. Splendidly photographed in Eastman Colour, it has an admirable commentary finely spoken by Mr. Bryden Murdoch. An inspired and inspiring job. Top marks.

RECORDS



by Gerald Lascelles

What's important —what's not

SOMETIMES I WORRY ABOUT THE inconsistency of jazz performances. An artist or group may make a series of excellent recordings and then fall into a bad patch which confounds critics and public alike. I am delighted to say that I have never had to eat my words of praise about the Ellington band, despite ugly rumours that so-and-so has left the band, and it will never sound the same again. With Duke

it just doesn't happen that way.

One of my spies reported that Duke was having drummer trouble—all that happens is that you now get two drummers for the price of one on his recent records—Sam Woodward and Jimmy Johnson! Then there are a couple of new faces in the brass section, but that doesn't mean a new band. Try *Festival session* (SBBL556) for gusto, especially the closing track *Launching pad*, which seems almost to belong to Duke's subsequent session, *Blues in orbit* which I mentioned last week. The construction of an Ellington or Strayhorn piece is always original, unorthodox and exciting. He is never content to repeat well-tried formulae, although he will frequently return to an old composition with new ideas.

Consistency is also the keynote of Dave Brubeck's performances. His *Time out* album (STFL523) has the same slightly brusque piano playing, that thin unwavering tone from Desmond's alto, and a subtle but rock-steady beat from Gene Wright and Joe Morello (who probably ranks as the best small group drummer in jazz today) as all the other records he has made. True, the trio advance their ideas, but the overwhelming common denominator, in terms of performance, brings them back to first base every time. Brubeck applies some pleasantly academic ideas—mainly the imposition of cross-rhythms and unconventional breaks in the melodic pattern—which unfortunately do not in themselves add up to jazz.

I would classify this album as extremely interesting, and historians in 20 or 30 years' time may refer to it as one which broke the ice between jazz and classical understanding. At the same time I would have to abandon more than my basic principles to describe this as an important jazz release. Experimentation can involve one in more than elaborations of pre-established rhythmic patterns, as Mr. Brubeck should know.

The exciting sounds I have heard recently, other than Duke, were from Basie's *Chairman of the board* (SCN3304), which ranks as good music from a good business man; trumpeter Harry Edison's *Gee baby, ain't I good to you* (CLP1350) which is another example of free-swinging jazz, with the redoubtable Ben Webster adding considerable force to his tenor; and the best of the bunch, *Callin' the blues* (32-092), a riffing set of mainstream jazz which recalls J. C. Higginbotham to his top form as a trombonist, with the added spice of "Lockjaw" Davis on tenor, Tiny Grimes on guitar, and the ever-swinging Ray Bryant on piano. This is a memorable outing for some veteran jazzmen who have chosen to stay with the mainstream.

BOOKS



by Siriol Hugh-Jones

Mr. Powell is no hatchet-man

I AM IN ABOUT FIVE OR SIX MINDS over Anthony Powell's latest instalment in his immense sequence, *The Music of Time*. This one, the fifth novel, is called *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant*, and as usual it is infinitely agreeable and beguiling to wander about in Mr. Powell's world of Mrs. Foxe who has taken up with a dainty dancer called Norman; Lord Huntercombe who knows all about china; sundry composers and music critics in trouble with their wives; and the bland, unastonished narrator who gets married in a brief aside and has an insatiable appetite for trivia which may or may not be significant.

Climax after climax is narrowly averted, Widmerpool puts in his customary appearance, there is talk of the Spanish Civil War and the Abdication which are ticking along in the background, the big set-piece is a party at which domestic discord is rife and Stringham arrives drunk. It is written with tremendous assurance and well-tailored natural ease, and puts me into a deep trance. It has something of the hypnotic quality of an interminable instalment-letter from a distant friend, writing about people one has not seen for years and will most likely never meet again. There seems no good reason why it should ever come to an end.

The puzzling thing is whether these pleasant, clever, slyly witty, oblique and infinitely civilized books are in fact what Mr. Kingsley Amis has called "the most important effort in fiction since the war," or a sort of bloodless Evelyn Waugh without the fury and the gory knives and hatchets. At times they give me a slightly desperate sensation and goad me into shockingly over-intense muffled cries of Where-are-we-all-going-what-does-it-all-mean. At others, my euphoria is so great I feel I owe Mr. Powell at least a dazed vote of thanks. At least we have plenty of time to sort out our



MISSOURI-BORN Big Bill Broonzy, who died last year, was one of the 30's most famous blues singers. This picture of him is from *The Country Blues* (Michael Joseph, 21s.), in which Samuel B. Charters traces the development of the blues—cries of intense personal protest—from Negro work songs

bemused opinions; time's music will go tootling sweetly on for quite a while yet.

Sylvia Beach, the young and fearless daughter of an American Presbyterian minister, opened a bookshop in Paris in the 20's, published *Ulysses*, no less, with the help of willing hands on the typing and packaging, and got to know, at extremely close quarters, the bubbling, boiling, literary life of the time. She tells this remarkable story in a calm, chatty, informal and enthusiastic tone of voice in *Shakespeare & Company*. I enjoyed this touching book enormously, and it should clearly become required reading for the younger generation who are all in the grip of a feverish admiration for Lawrence, Joyce and Scott Fitzgerald, all of whom make notable appearances in Miss Beach's crowded pages.

Everyone lives and breathes literature: Gide reads Valéry ("we listened breathlessly"), sportsman Hemingway flashes by in a snapshot holding a gigantic fish, Fitzgerald runs cheerily through his money, Miss Beach remains delighted by it all and tirelessly buoyant. Sometimes the memoirs take on a star-struck, splendidly cosy note ("Bryher, Bryher. I wondered if the owner of this interesting name would ever come to my bookshop"). I enjoyed it all as much as she did.

This *Little Band of Prophets* by Anne Freemantle is a book about the stunning personalities of the Fabian Society. Alas, Margaret Cole, who knows a million times more about it than I, says the book is filled with errors of fact. I am no authority on the Webbs, but the material on this formidable pair certainly makes amazing reading.

Here is Shaw describing the Webbs at work: "Beatrice every now and then, when she felt she needed a refresher. (Sidney was tireless), would rise from her chair, throw away her pen, and hurl herself on her husband in a shower of caresses which lasted until the passion for work resumed its sway; then they wrote and read authorities for their footnotes until it was time for another refresher."

I would indeed have been sorry to have missed that.

I greatly admired Hamilton Johnston's two earlier novels, *The Doctor's Signature* and *The Phantom Limb*, which seemed to me to have a distinct flavour of their own. His new book is called *Dying Nicely* and I found it a disappointment. Maybe it is not altogether Dr. Johnston's fault that I now have a built-in sales-resistance to the doggedly incompetent anti-hero, trudging mournfully and miffishly about the provinces and enmeshing himself with bathetic events over which he has no control whatever.

This one is called Clifford

Charlesworth, and his lack of charm strikes a new low in this dismal contemporary lad's history. I was pleased by a wild foreign waitress called Grete, with clear untrammelled sex-impulses, but even she was not enough to make it possible for me to gulp down yet another dose of the old cocoa-and-panic mixture as before. (Unless, unless—unsettling thought—Dr. Johnston meant it as a parody of the entire business? "Picking dried egg from his tie with his thumbnail, Clifford . . ." I don't believe anyone can take it straight once again.)

GALLERIES



by Alan Roberts

Nolan's swan is a swan is a swan

FEW RECENT ONE-MAN SHOWS IN private galleries have attracted more critical attention, more general curiosity and more unsolicited publicity than Sidney Nolan's latest. The idea of an exhibition with a theme—especially so universally popular a theme as Leda and the Swan—seems to appeal to the picture-public's imagination and the accumulative effect of 47 variations on the same subject, which might so easily have been one of monotony, proves to be one of fascination.

Themes are not new to Mr. Nolan. Those who saw them remember vividly the series of paintings inspired by the story of Ned Kelly which formed the major part of his 1955 exhibition in London. In them the bushranger who became a legend moved through the strange Australian landscapes which Nolan, himself an Australian, seemed to be revealing to the world for the first time.

Again, when the artist turned his attention to the even more bizarre legend of Mrs. Fraser (the Victorian matron who was wrecked off the coast of New South Wales and went native with the aborigines) the weirdness of his landscapes, through which the naked white woman wandered with blackfellows and



APRONED, with the floor for an easel, Australian artist Sidney Nolan works on one of the larger canvases of his *Leda & the Swan* series, a modern treatment of a myth, which makes up the greater part of his London exhibition

striped convicts in pursuit, made an unforgettable impression.

Now the Nolan landscape is no longer Australian but Greek and it plays a less important role in his work, which in this exhibition is divisible into three distinct categories. The first of these is a series of earth-coloured hieroglyphic sketches done with swift calligraphic strokes in oil on paper and representing Leda and her Swan united into single symbols such as those with which, one imagines, a primitive Australian aboriginal might have represented the copulating couple.

The second category, again in oil on paper, is Nolan at his inspired best. Though small, these paintings have a magic that is missing from the big oils on hardboard that make up the third and largest category.

In the latter the landscape is virtually non-existent and the artist has become obsessed with the woman and the swan in an abstracted way. He uses them ultimately only as the basis for an intellectual or painterly exercise in which they are juxtaposed or joined in an ever-changing variety of ways. It is an exercise that could go on for ever.

Initially the effect of these big paintings is invariably striking and disturbing, but the artist's technique seems to me to smack too much of the "contrived accident." His method seems to be to scrape and spread and rub various well-chosen colours on to the board in an apparently haphazard way and then to define the figures (rather like those in a photographic negative) by covering the surrounding area with very dark colour or black.

Few of them, as a result, have the unique quality of "mythiness," the haunting out-of-this-worldliness to

be found in the smaller pictures. Here there is a mystical marriage, not only between Leda and her Swan, but also between legend and landscape.

From his celestial heights above cruel, rocky cliff faces the Swan swoops down on the Queen bathing below or carries her off, flying high above a mysterious valley whose strangeness is seen on close examination to have been fashioned by the simplest of means. Nolan, always quick to recognise the value of an accidental texture, uses the coarse graining effect which is produced when oil paint is brushed on paper, to simulate stratified rock.

His is altogether a unique and intriguing art, and the step that took me from the burning pavement and the hot carbon-monoxide-laden air of Bond Street is not one I shall quickly forget. As I left the gallery I distinctly heard the flapping of great wings and a little Elizabethan rhyme I had not remembered for a quarter of a century kept running through my brain,

*He tickles this age who can
Call Tullia's ape a marmosite
And Leda's goose a swan*

Nolan's swan is a swan is a swan, as Gertrude Stein would have said, and is more likely to startle this age than tickle it. Yet I understand it started out as just one of the hundreds of swans that beg for bread on the river at Putney, where the artist lived when he first came to this country.

It stayed locked in his subconscious for years until he found in the Greek landscape and the myth the key to release it. It emerged apotheosized, swan changed into god as surely as the legend changed the god into swan.



COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

by ALBERT ADAIR

PROBABLY only once in a lifetime is the connoisseur and collector granted the opportunity that he had when the first part of the unique Blohm collection of European porcelain came up for public auction at Sotheby's this week. And even if the purchase of a single lot was beyond him there remained the chance during the view days of studying at close quarters some of the rarest and finest European porcelain ever produced.

The whole collection was made by Otto and Magdalena Blohm between the years 1900 and 1944, and was housed at their home in Hamburg, familiar to a few specialists but unknown to the public. The collection includes examples from many of the lesser-known as well as the most famous European factories of the 18th century, but in this article I can only touch on two of the most outstanding groups, the collection of Chelsea Toys and the Furstenburg Figures from the *Commedia dell'Arte*, modelled by Simon Feilner.

The Toys consist of scent bottles, *bonbonnières*, *étuis*, needlecases and a large number of seals. They are not of course for children, but fanciful playthings created to satisfy the whims and tickle the fancy of the contemporary Court and aris-

tocracy, like the fabulous *objets d'art* of Fabergé made for the Russian court in the 1890's.

The examples shown above and at the foot of the page are all scent bottles and date from the Red Anchor period, circa 1755. Though these eight and many others take the form of flowers, fruit and animals, the human form was also much favoured, especially for *étuis* and needlecases, shepherds and shepherdesses, the Three Graces, Cupid, Columbine, and even Shakespeare. The height of these pieces ranges from less than two to just over five inches, but even on this minute scale exact naturalistic likeness was aimed at, both in modelling and colour.

The set of Furstenburg Figures is the only known complete set of 15 figures in existence, and its appearance on the open market was an outstanding event in the fine art world. The figures average about eight inches in height and show the traditional characters in various poses from scenes of the Comedy: Scaramouch and Pantaloon, Dr. Baharel and Isabella.

About two years ago, at Christie's, nine such figures from the Nymphenburg factory, modelled by the Italian master Bustelli, fetched an average of 4,000 guineas each—sold one at a time.



Charles Falconer

FRANCES and MARIETTA (eight years), ELSPETH ANN (five years) and NINIAN JOHN (three years), the children of Major & Mrs. Michael Crichton Stuart, who live at Falkland Palace, Falkland, in Fife

ANTONIA TANDA (seven months) and GILES (three and a half years), the children of Mr. & Mrs. Antony Rowe, who live in Kensington
Barry Swaab



Other People's Babies

CHARLES (eight months), the son of Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Bailey, who live in Mansfield Street, W.1, and also in Wales and Malta
Barry Swaab



GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

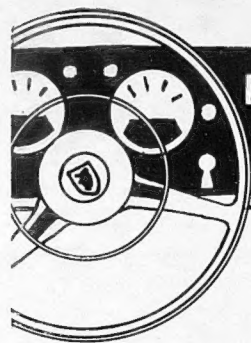
Best-sellers . . . male edition

Priscilla Conran

A FRESH tangy scent is blowing into the scent-laden air of the beauty world. For women are spending more and more money on products that promote good looks for men. We are still way behind the groom-conscious Americans, who account for 25 per cent of the transatlantic market (the figure here is put at around two to three per cent). But the financial signs are that the British male is beginning to realize that there's a lot he's been missing, from man-minded tales and deodorants to cool products that make a face feel good after shaving. And his traditional wash-basin philosophy of brown soap and clear water is slowly shattering under the pressure of feminine opinion. Besides, he often finds he actually *likes* the stuff. Of course, a hot summer encourages the sale of deodorants (150 per cent up on last year), which should come high on a city-dweller's list, and men have been using bowls of shaving soap and after-shave lotions for years anyway. But the array of unfussy packages is extending to tempt male customers to sample the products they didn't think were essentials (but are in 1960). Current examples: Pinaud Shampoo for men (instead of poaching it out of feminine bottles); hair tonic (Simpson's of Piccadilly have a new *West One* range which includes a smartly packed one in black whisky-type bottles); *Tabac* pre-electric shave which helps to get a really close shave.

The best-sellers are the products that are essentials but naturally we didn't photograph a row of after-shave, shaving sticks and bowls, so some are alternatives that sell well (e.g. Prince Gourielli's *Talcum for Men* which comes second only in popularity to after-shave).

Labelling one man's collection of best sellers, we start with Remington's energetic Triple Volt shaver for plugging in on a world-wide circuit (twelve and a quarter million cutting actions a minute). Then two for the traditionalist: Gillette's gold-plated razor and a Kent pure badger brush. Marcel Rochas makes a cooling Moustache eau de cologne and the wooden crate of Tabac turtle oil soap is by Personality. Then a column topped by Old Spice stick deodorant, centred with Pinaud pre-electric shave lotion, all balanced on After Shave Lotion in the Arden for Men range which comes in a crystal clear bottle, a black flask for travel. Yardley's Shaving Soap is housed in a circular bowl, Prince Gourielli's Talcum for Men resides in a gilt-topped bottle and Guerlain's Eau de Verveine comes out of its bottle to give lemony refreshment. Lenthéric's stick shave is small enough to tuck away in an overnight bag and Fleet Laboratories My Tan after-shave tanning lotion has just arrived from Canada.



MOTORING

by Gordon Wilkins

By bus to Monte and back – for £15

SOUTH WALES TO MONTE CARLO AND back by bus—2,000 miles in a weekend for £15 a head, including fuel oil, air transport, meals, drinks and hotels. That was the bold target set by Michael Frostick, bearded author and impresario, and assistant programme controller for TWV television, when he invited me to join a party preparing a programme in the *Here Today* series.

So on a Monday evening a small white bus hurtled to a screeching stop at TWV's Pontcanna studios just outside Cardiff as flash bulbs blinked and cameras whirled. In it were programme personalities and technicians due on the air in 10 minutes' time. The attempt had succeeded with minutes to spare. The traffic hold-ups which put the arrival behind schedule were encountered almost entirely in England and South Wales; not in France. The little bus, a Commer 12-seater, had covered 2,000 road miles plus two air crossings of the English Channel between Friday afternoon and Monday evening.

Leaving Cardiff at 2.30 on the Friday afternoon, the bus crossed by a special Silver City ferry flight from Hurn, near Bournemouth, to Cherbourg, to cut down traffic delays in England and avoid complications caused by the French strike which grounded most air services that day. There was a supper stop at Bayeux and the tank was refilled at Le Mans just before dawn. Right across France the little bus cruised at the French weekend speed limit of 62 m.p.h. for hour after hour. The lunch stop was at Grenoble and we then followed scenic sections of the Monte Carlo Rally route via Digne and over the Col de Luens, Col des Leques and Pas de la Faye, to Grasse and Nice, arriving at Monte Carlo on the Saturday evening in time for dinner.

The mountain passes slowed us down, especially when we met a large flock of sheep accompanied by an ancient shepherd with his umbrella and other comforts tied on the back of a donkey, but the route had been chosen to avoid the worst of the weekend traffic, and

after deducting stops the average speed from Cherbourg to Monte Carlo worked out at 39 m.p.h. Apart from the general limit of 62 m.p.h. on the open road, slower village and city limits are enforced in spirit if not to the letter. One of the drivers failed to see a 50 km. limit sign at what was technically a village but seemed to have no houses, and received a seven-minute lecture from the gendarmerie before being allowed to continue.

Speed limits are fairly liberally interpreted, but anyone who seems to be travelling much too fast is called to order with a shrill whistle. If he does not stop at once a couple of motor cycle cops are unleashed to hunt him down. This has given ideas to French small boys. On the return trip a whistle shrilled in a village, the car in front of us braked sharply and dived for the kerb, while the rest of us made crash stops, sliding in all directions. False alarm! A small boy was having himself a high old time with a whistle, reducing the traffic to chaos.

We spent Saturday night in Monte Carlo and passed Sunday morning bathing, visiting the Palace, and interviewing the personalities of the principality, including Jack Hylton on his yacht and Louis Chiron, the famous racing driver. After lunch on Sunday we started the long drive back. I drove for part of the outward trip and shared the wheel on the homeward run with Michael Frostick. We came back via Cannes, dodging round the back of Nice to avoid the jams caused by the festivities to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the annexation of Nice by France and taking a new detour to skirt the hold-ups in Antibes. Pausing to admire the vigorous reconstruction work at flood-stricken Frejus, we sped over the excellent new road to Aix en Provence and on up the Rhone Valley.

The roads were not yet choked with peak holiday traffic so we maintained high averages and the new Autoroute du Sud into Paris saved a lot of time. When the

weekend speed limit expired early on Monday morning we were able to wind the speedometer up to over 80 on the downgrades, putting more than 50 miles into the hour. This helped to raise the overall average from the Riviera to the Channel coast to 45 m.p.h. Fuel consumption for the whole trip was 21.4 m.p.g. Quite a remarkable performance for a vehicle with a laden weight of over two tons powered by a de-tuned Hillman Minx engine.

The numbers on board varied between eight and 12 as cameramen, technicians and interviewers were picked up or set down *en route*, to prepare their programme. Being only as long as a small family car (13 ft. 10 in. overall) the Commer crosses the Channel by the normal Silver City air service (which was used for the homeward trip) for only £14 return. Passenger fares are £6 return, and carrying 12 people the total transport costs, including gas and oil (counting French fuel at the tourist rate), would work out at only £9 2s. 4d. per person. Carrying eight people and luggage, which would be a good deal more comfortable for such a long trip, the cost per person would only rise to £10 13s. 5d.

To keep within the financial target, we stopped at a small hotel within 500 yards of the Casino and the sea at Monte Carlo, where full pension for a day, including quite a good lunch and dinner, wine and a picnic meal for the journey home, cost £2 2s. 6d. a head. Encouraged by this painless economy, we spent rather more than that on a leisurely and luxurious dinner at Valence on the way home, without exceeding the £15 target. For a party of young people with ambitious ideas and limited finances, travel in a light bus has a lot to commend it.

A lot of things surprised me about this little bus. The driving position was excellent and the all-round vision from the high seat is far better than you get from any car,

so one has much better warning of approaching traffic especially in the mountains. And how much scenery we miss, enclosed in our low-built modern saloons! You have to use the gears more than on a car and the cooling fan makes a fair amount of noise at maximum speeds in the gears, but it is not intolerable, and at normal cruising speeds in top gear the noise level is quite moderate. The engine is concealed under the centre seat in the front and quite reasonably accessible for routine checks and maintenance.

Steering and road holding with a full load on difficult Alpine roads were astonishing: much better than on some private cars. Light, precise steering and good handling, with little roll, sent it wheeling round the mountain bends faster than most of the cars we met. On this particular bus it was difficult to get second, a defect which there had not been time to rectify before we left. The only other snag I encountered was the folding step, which is on the side farthest from the driver and projects a couple of inches beyond the general body outline. It is easy to forget when you have only inches to spare, and I scraped it on the narrow pack-horse bridge at Castellane.

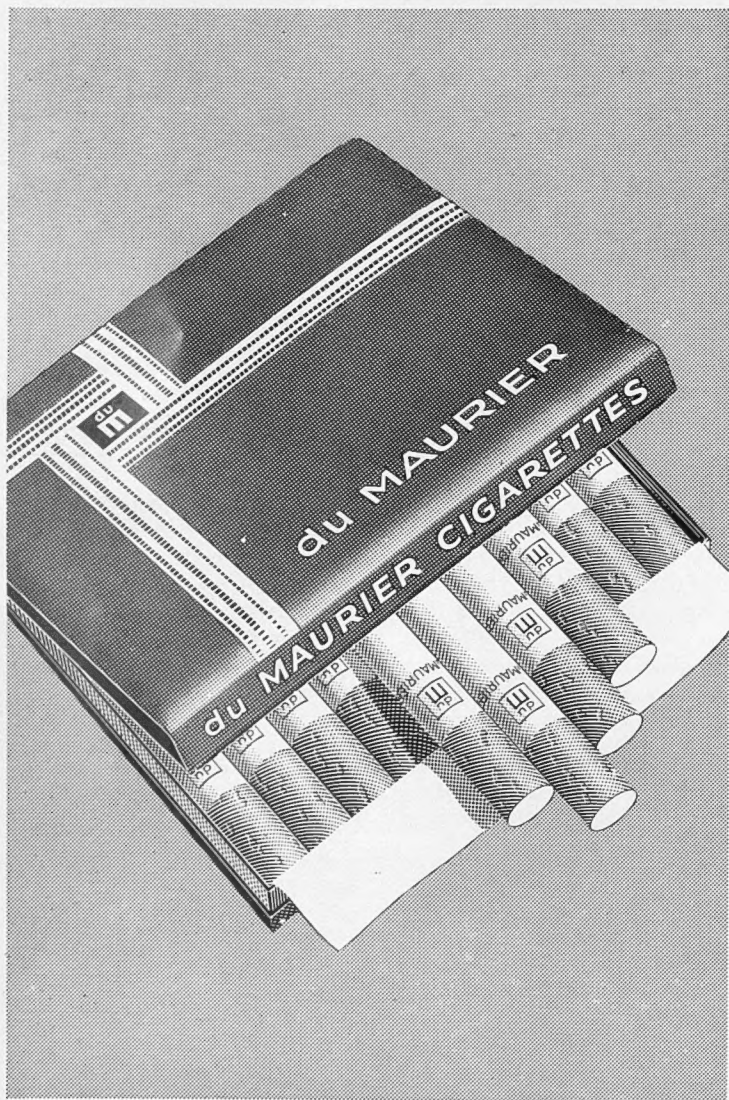
Through nearly 2,000 miles of hard driving the little bus had no attention other than addition of fuel, oil and water, and the brakes were still good at the finish. The seating and springing, though not up to the best private car standards, kept the passengers cheerful through the long hours, though none of them had any previous experience of long distance motoring to rally-style schedules, least of all in a bus. The Commer costs £685 and does not incur purchase tax.

The same basic type of vehicle is available in many different forms including eight-seater station wagon (with tax). It can also be had fitted out as a motor caravan (tax free) giving speed and operating range far beyond anything attainable with a trailer caravan.

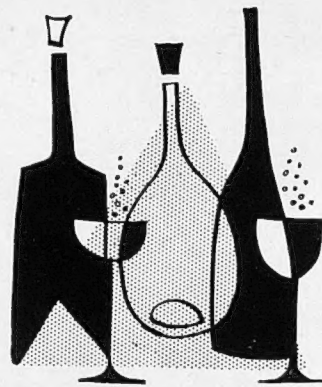
Well within their exacting schedule, members of the bus party relax at a refuelling stop in France. In the road, John Scriminger, director of Here Today, and Michael Frostick, assistant programme controller of TWV



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DINING IN

Cinderella with fins

by HELEN BURKE

HERRINGS ARE ALWAYS WITH US. From the Clyde we have them all the year round; and from ports ranging from Lerwick to Lowestoft for various periods covering the year, so there is never any fear of a shortage.

Many times it has been said that, if herrings were scarce, they would be much more appreciated. I have my doubts. They are a nuisance to clean and their bones are a nuisance at table; they "smell-up" the kitchen and one's hands and, if we grill them on the grid, that grid is useless for anything other than herrings for a long time to come, if we have a fine nose for aromas.

True, a little mustard rubbed into the hands and rinsed off will help. So will rubber gloves, if one can manage to operate with them. But the herring, in spite of its deliciousness and wholesomeness, and despite the claim that it is the king of all sea fish, will always be the Cinderella of the fish world. This is a pity.

I remember a herring fisherman in Cornwall telling me many years ago that, if we ate a herring once a week, we would never contract influenza. This is probably a better claim than that of many other so-called "protective" foods.

I grill herrings in the grill pan, to save the grid, and they are delicious, though one cannot so easily get rid of their excess oil. Drain them well and serve them hot with lightly buttered and parsleyed tiny boiled potatoes. Or let them become cold and serve with potato salad dressed with oil and vinegar.

Instead of grilling you can poach them in salted plain water. The usual *court bouillon* for fish can be too highly flavoured for the delicate herring flesh.

When it comes to frying herrings it is better perhaps to bone them in the first place, and the easiest way is this: Scale them and remove the heads. Open each along the belly and clean out. Gently rub down each side of the backbone with the

back of a knife then open out the fish. Loosen the small bones on each side of the backbone, grasp this main bone at the head end and simply pull it out. This will make a fairly clean job of the operation and any remaining bones can be easily removed. Re-shape the herrings, roll them on oatmeal and fry them in a little butter or lard dripping.

Bismarck herrings or roll mops, or the "pickled" fish in smaller portions, have been one of the "musts" of the hors d'oeuvres trolley for long enough and they are easy to prepare.

Fillet 6 to 8 herrings as above. For roll mops, put them in a largish basin and place it under a trickling cold-water tap. They need 6 hours of this cold-water treatment, after which they should be perfectly white. Drain and dry them. Place them flat on a board, skin side down, and sprinkle them with salt, freshly milled pepper, a few coriander seeds, a few thin slices of onion, a piece of bay leaf and, if liked, a scrap of garlic. Roll up, starting at the head end, and secure each with a wooden cocktail stick.

Place the rolled herring fillets in a wide-mouthed jar and fill it with white (distilled) vinegar and water, in the proportions of three parts to one. Cover and leave for just under a fortnight when the "mops" will be "cooked" and ready to eat.

Other flavours? Well, add to the jar an inch piece of root ginger and an ounce of sugar.

These Roll Mops are largish pieces for an hors d'oeuvre but one can just as easily split each herring fillet in half or even cut it into 2- to 3-inch slices.

Deville herrings are generally grilled. First, make 3 to 4 diagonal cuts in the skin on each side and fill them in with French mustard or, as I now do, old English spiced mustard (only recently on the market). Grill the fish on both sides in the normal way—using the grill pan, as I have said, instead of the grid.

To make the herrings even more devilish than they are, add a few grains of Cayenne pepper with the mustard.

Stuffed herrings, baked in paper, are a delicacy well worth trying.

Bone the herrings, this time by cutting a line down the backbone and, taking the head end in the hand, pulling the backbone straight out. Clean out the insides. Mix the roes, either soft or hard, with an equal amount of fresh breadcrumbs and half a chopped shallot, a little double cream and pepper and salt to taste. Fill the herrings with the mixture.

Enclose each herring in a piece of buttered greaseproof paper, place in a baking tin and cook for 15 to 20 minutes at 400 to 425 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 6 to 7.



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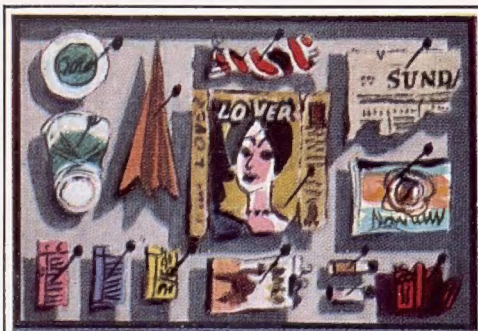
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Nature Watching in SCHWEPPSHIRE



Centre specimen is the skin or "cover" of a lesser paperback, usually discarded about the sixth day. Note left the carton, exquisitely adapted to its purpose (being a carton). Bottom left are bus tickets marked by the Migration section of the S.P.U. (Schweppshire Papyrological Union).

NO. 5 PAPER WATCHING. The great bulk of Park-loving species is undoubtedly "Sunday" paper. This is known as the Sunday phase of paper movement and is actually associated with Sunday, although of course there is no generic or ritual significance in this. The loose term "Sunday newspaper" has long been discarded, as the news itself is difficult to find, often merely vestigial and hidden beneath adventitious and prominent frontages believed to be attraction-repulsion in origin.

Note that one piece of paper is in front or "leading" as we call it, though of course it is dangerous to impute anthropomorphic motives; nor is it for us to "explain" this quality of coming firstness.

Most of the species are familiar; but the keen watcher is often rewarded by the appearance of individuals unfamiliar, if not actually rare. See here for instance a fine example of a Journal of Naval Groceries and Supply, with, not far away, a ruffled specimen of a Programme of the Schwelltenham Festival.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him